



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

EducT
759.12
360

ELSON
PRIMARY SCHOOL READER



BOOK ONE

Edw. T 759.12.360

Harvard College Library



LIBRARY OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

COLLECTION OF TEXT-BOOKS
CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHERS

TRANSFERRED
TO
**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**

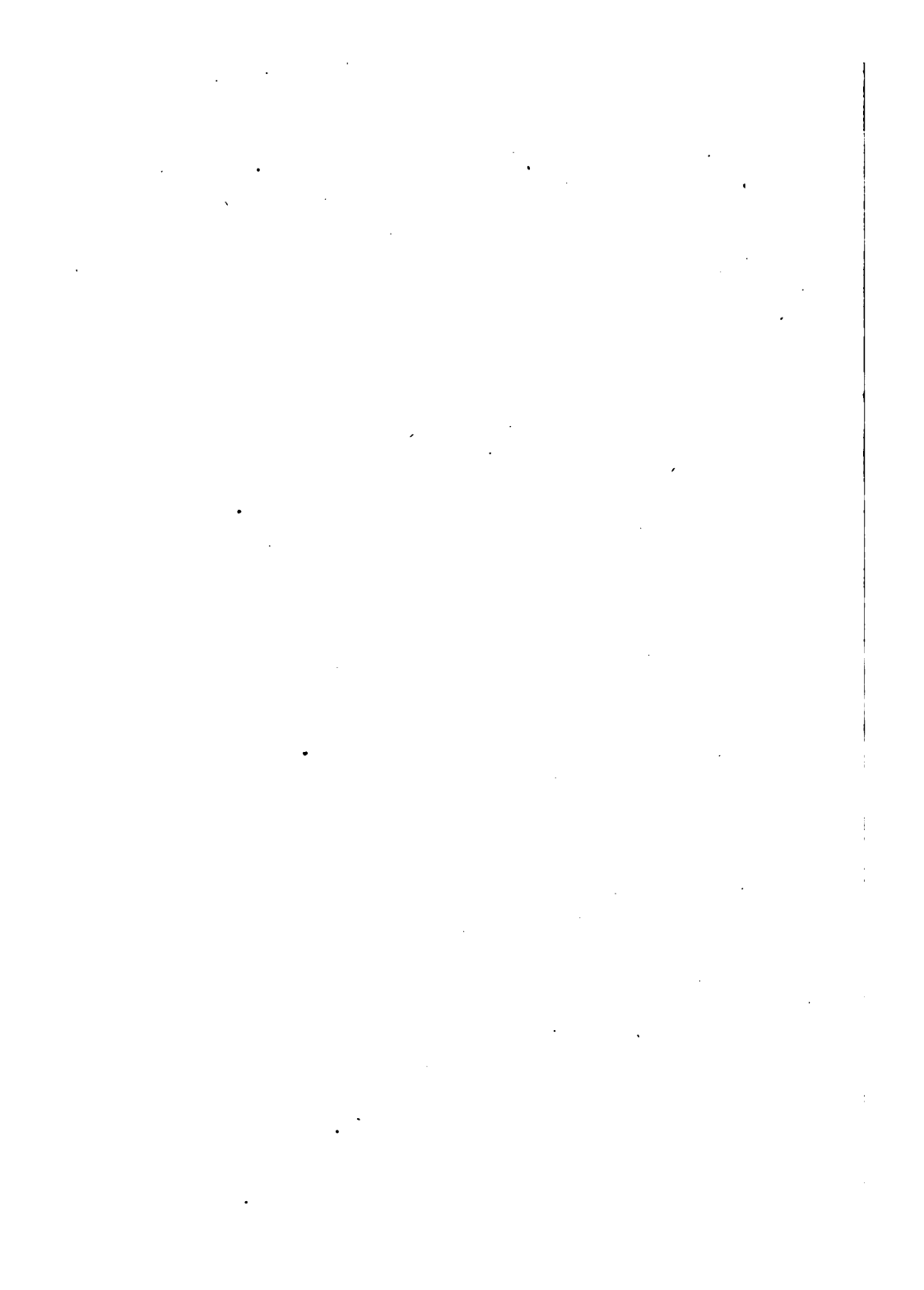
Catalogue list price of

ELSON'S PRIMARY SCHOOL READER, Book I..\$0.32

This book is donated to the Library of Harvard University.

A "content" reader for first grade, illustrated fully in color, and in black and white.





ELSON
PRIMARY SCHOOL READER

BOOK ONE

BY
WILLIAM H. ELSON
CLEVELAND, OHIO

ILLUSTRATED BY H. O. KENNEDY

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO **NEW YORK**

Educ T 707.12.360
~~73-3801~~

I

Harvard University
Dept. of Education Library
Gift of the Publishers

MAY 26 1913

TRANSFERRED TO
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
1921

COPYRIGHT 1912

BY

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

For permission to use copyrighted material, grateful acknowledgment is made to "The Youth's Companion" for "The Go-to-Sleep Story" by Eudora Bumstead; to Emeline Goodrow for "The Slumberland Boat" from "Playtime and Rest"; to Milton Bradley Company for "The Pine Tree and Its Needles" from "For the Children's Hour"; and to Alfred F. Loomis for "The Little Rooster," by Charles Battell Loomis.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MOTHER PLAYS WITH BABY

Pat-a-Cake	<i>Mother Goose</i>	7
The Five Little Pigs.....	<i>Mother Goose</i>	8
The Five Little Cows.....	<i>Mother Goose</i>	10
How the Ladies Ride.....	<i>Mother Goose</i>	12
How the Gentlemen Ride.....	<i>Mother Goose</i>	13
How the Farmers Ride.....	<i>Mother Goose</i>	14

MOTHER SINGS TO BABY

Lullaby	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	15
Rock-A-Bye, Baby.....	<i>Mother Goose</i>	16
Sleep, Baby, Sleep.....	<i>German Song</i>	18
Baby Bunting.....	<i>Mother Goose</i>	20
The Go-To-Sleep Story.....	<i>Eudora Bumstead</i>	21

THE STORY-HOUR

Listen to the Falling Rain.....	<i>Old Rhyme</i>	27
---------------------------------	------------------------	----

FABLES

The Ant and the Dove.....	<i>Æsop</i>	28
The Little Tree.....	<i>Russian</i>	30
The Proud Leaves.....	<i>Russian</i>	32
The Dog and His Shadow.....	<i>Æsop</i>	34
The Kite and the Butterfly....	<i>Russian</i>	36
The Cat and the Fox.....	<i>Æsop</i>	37
A Wish.....	<i>Unknown</i>	40
Molly and the Pail of Milk....	<i>Æsop</i>	42
The Fine Plan.....	<i>Æsop</i>	45
The Race.....	<i>Æsop</i>	48
The Cock and the Fox.....	<i>Æsop</i>	51

Our Flag	<i>Mary Howlister</i>	54
America	<i>Samuel Smith</i>	55
Baby's Stocking	<i>Old Rhyme</i>	56

FOLK TALES

The Little Red Hen.....	<i>Old Tale</i>	57
The Lost Egg.....	<i>Norse Folk Tale</i>	61
The Goats in the Turnip Field...	<i>Norwegian Folk Tale</i>	64
The Crane Express.....	<i>Old Tale</i>	68
The North Wind.....	<i>Rebecca B. Foresman</i> ..	72
What Does Little Birdie Say?...	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	74
The Hen and the Squirrel.....	<i>Old Tale</i>	76
The Pine Tree and Its Needles..	<i>Old German Tale</i>	81
The Gosling's Swimming Lesson.	<i>English Folk Tale</i>	85
I Don't Care.....	<i>Gertrude Sellon</i>	88
The Camel and the Pig.....	<i>Old Indian Fable</i>	92
The Little Rooster.....	<i>Charles Battell Loomis</i>	96
North Wind at Play.....	<i>Old German Tale</i>	100
Three Billy Goats Gruff.....	<i>Old Norse Tale</i>	104
The Little Plant.....	<i>Kate Louise Brown</i> ...	109
The Swing.....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	110
The Sleeping Apple.....	<i>Old German Tale</i>	112
Sweet Porridge.....	<i>German Folk Tale</i>	116
Johnny-Cake	<i>English Folk Tale</i>	122
Mary and the Lark.....	<i>Old Indian Tale</i>	128
The Hen Who Went to High Dover	<i>Norwegian Folk Tale</i>	131
Hansel's Coat.....	<i>German Tale</i>	139
Lambkin	<i>A Tale from India</i>	142
Snow-Flakes	<i>Old Rhyme</i>	150
The Clouds.....	<i>Old Rhyme</i>	151
The Slumberland Boat.....	<i>Emeline Goodrow</i>	152

WORD LIST.....		154
----------------	--	-----

INTRODUCTION

This Reader introduces the child to some of the best stories in the field of children's literature, tales which have been told and retold to the delight of countless generations of boys and girls of all lands. Thus, the child in learning to read, is given selections which are both interesting and worth while as literary possessions. A group of mother-plays, a group of lullabies, eleven fables, nineteen folk tales, and ten short poems offer an attractive first-year course in literature.

While these stories are simple, they have been chosen largely for their dramatic quality. They are therefore valuable for purposes of oral reproduction. Entire stories are given in order to satisfy the child's longing for the completed narrative.

Careful attention has been given to matters of gradation, not only in vocabulary and sentence structure but also in the story elements—the plot. The word list includes the vocabulary usually found in both primer and first reader.

This book is distinctive for its abundance of choice prose which gives the power to read and the ability to follow the narrative. The poetry bears a proper relation in quantity to the prose and is of a high quality.

On the whole, this is a book for reading, pure and simple, and the author believes that it furnishes material of a kind to arouse the strongest interest in first grade boys and girls.

Cleveland, Ohio.

WILLIAM H. ELSON.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

MOTHER PLAYS WITH BABY



Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,

Baker's man.

Pat it, and bake it,

As fast as you can.



THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS

Baby likes mother to play with his toes.

Mother says,

This little pig went to market;

This little pig stayed at home;

This little pig had roast meat;

This little pig had none;

This little pig cried, "Wee, wee, wee!"

All the way home.



Child: Good morning, little pig.

Why did you go to market?

First Pig: I went to get some corn to eat.

Child: Poor little pig!

Why did you stay at home?

Second Pig: I wanted to help mother.

Mother baked a cake.

Child: What did you eat, little pig?

Third Pig: I ate roast meat.

I said, "Woof, woof, it is good!"

Child: Poor little pig!

Why did you get no meat?

Fourth Pig: I was a bad little pig.

So I got none.

Child: Why did you say, "Wee, wee, wee?"

Fifth Pig: I was so little.

I wanted my mother.

So I cried all the way home.



THE FIVE LITTLE COWS

In China the mother plays with baby, too.
She calls her baby's toes little cows.
This is what she says,

This little cow eats grass.
This little cow eats hay.
This little cow drinks water.
This little cow runs away.
This little cow does nothing,
But just lies down all day;
We'll whip her!

Then the mother pats her baby's foot.

From Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes, by Isaac Taylor Headland. Copyright, 1900, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

Child: Good morning, little cow!
Do you want this hay to eat?

First Cow: Oh, no! I just ate some grass.
I like to eat green grass.

Child: Will you eat hay, little cow?

Second Cow: Oh, yes! I am hungry.
I will eat your hay.

Child: Little cow, are you thirsty?

Third Cow: Yes, hay makes me thirsty.
Then I drink cool water.

Child: Come here, little cow.
Why do you run away?

Fourth Cow: Oh, I like to run on the grass.
It is such fun!

Child: You are a lazy little cow.
You just lie down all day.
I will not give you any hay.

Fifth Cow: I like to be lazy. Moo, moo!

HOW THE LADIES RIDE

See baby ride!

Mother plays that her knee is a horse.

She shows baby how the ladies ride.

They ride very slowly.

Baby's horse trots very slowly.

Mother sings to baby while he rides,

This is the way the ladies ride;

Tri, tre, tre, tree,

Tri, tre, tre, tree!

This is the way the ladies ride;

Tri, tre, tre, tree,

Tri, tre, tre, tree!



HOW THE GENTLEMEN RIDE

She shows him how the gentlemen ride.

They like to gallop.

Gallop, baby, gallop!

Baby's horse trots fast, and mother sings,

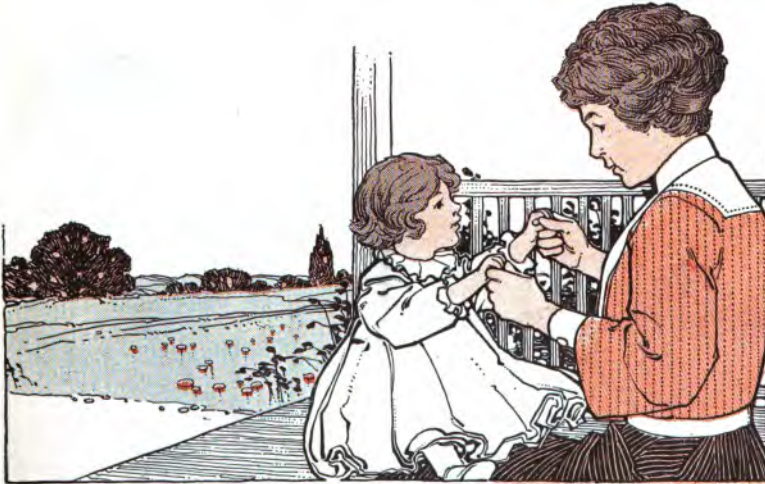
This is the way the gentlemen ride;

Gallop-a-trot,

Gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the gentlemen ride;

Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!



HOW THE FARMERS RIDE

She shows him how the farmers ride.

They have far to go.

They must ride fast to get home.

Baby's horse trots very fast and mother
sings,

This is the way the farmers ride;

Hobbledy-hoy,

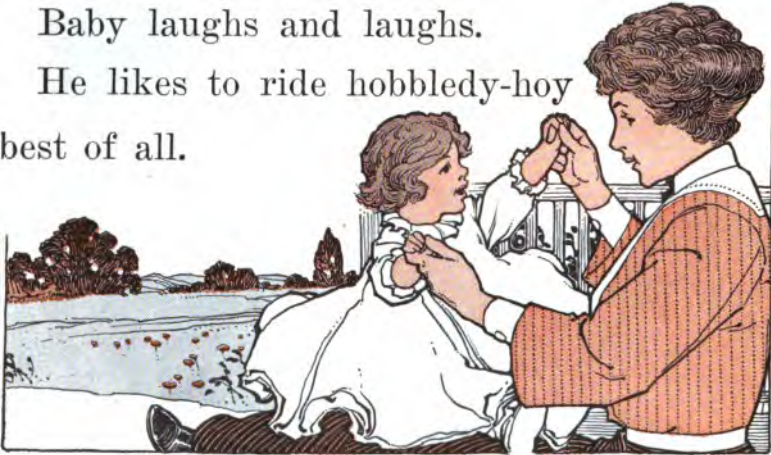
Hobbledy-hoy!

This is the way the farmers ride;

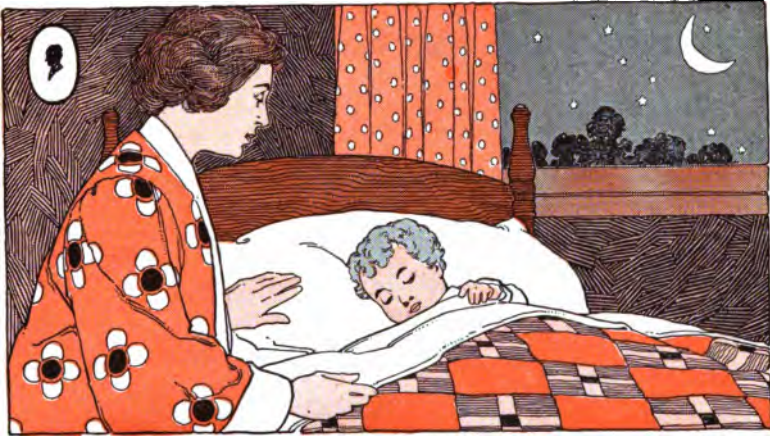
Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!

Baby laughs and laughs.

He likes to ride hobbledy-hoy
best of all.



MOTHER SINGS TO BABY



Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up, the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

—Christina G. Rossetti.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY

Baby's play is over.

See how sleepy he is!

Mother sings him to sleep.

She sings,

Rock-a-bye, baby,

On the tree-top;

When the wind blows,

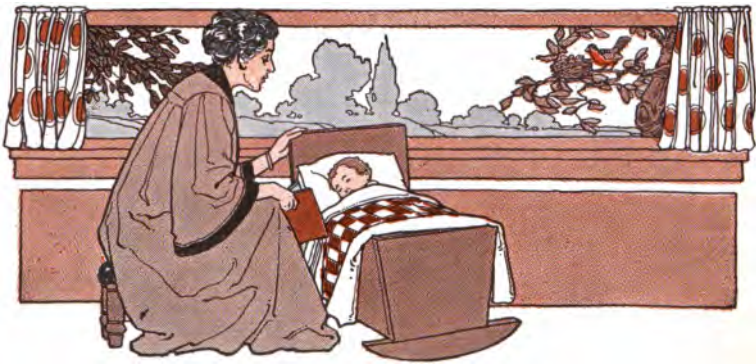
The cradle will rock;

When the bough breaks,

The cradle will fall;

Down will come baby,

Cradle and all.



“Come, baby dear!” says mother.
“Your cradle is soft and warm.
Shall mother sing you to sleep?
I will sing you the song the mother bird
sings.

She sings to her birdies,

‘Rock-a-bye, birdies,
On the tree-top;
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock.’

Then the birdies go to sleep.
They like their tree-top cradle.
See it rock in the wind!”
Baby goes to sleep, too.
He likes his cradle best.
He likes mother to rock him.
Hush! He is asleep now.
Sh! Do not wake him!

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father tends the sheep!

Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,

A little dream falls down to thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

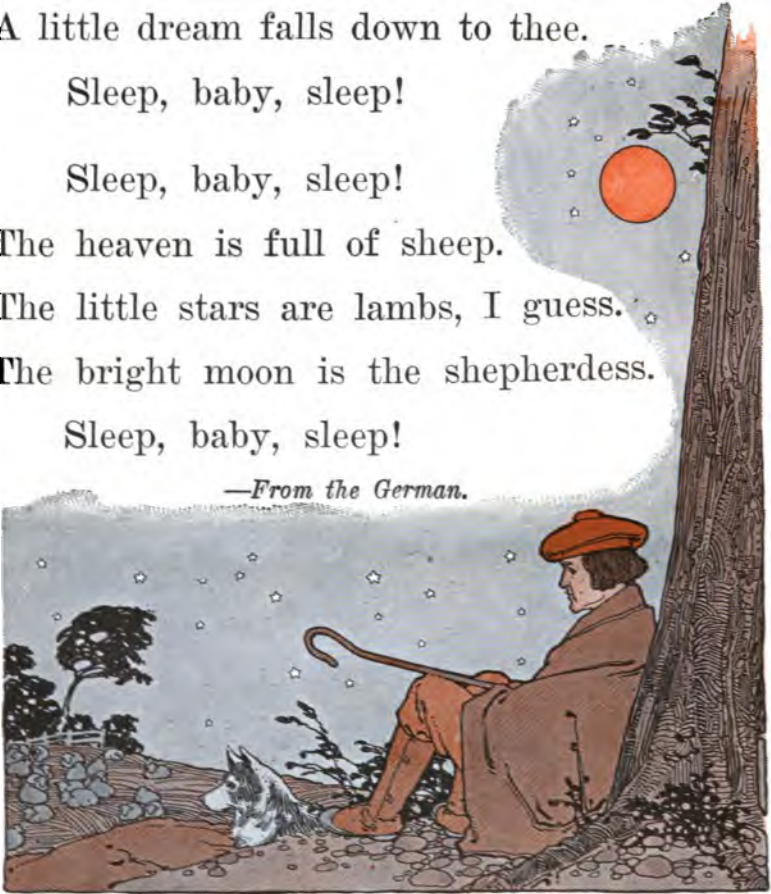
The heaven is full of sheep.

The little stars are lambs, I guess.

The bright moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

—From the German.



It is night now. The sun is asleep.
Baby must go to sleep, too.
Mother takes him in her arms and says,
“Come, baby! Say good night to father!
Father is going to the meadow.
He is a shepherd.
He tends the sheep and the little lambs.
‘Go away, wolf!’ he says.
‘You shall not hurt my little lambs!’
Do you see the bright moon, baby?
She is the shepherdess in the sky.
The large stars are her sheep.
The little stars are her lambs.”
Baby is falling asleep.
Mother plays that she is shaking a little
dreamland tree.
Little dreams grow on the tree.
Baby catches a dream and falls asleep.
Sleep, baby, sleep!



BABY BUNTING

Sometimes mother sings this song to
baby,

Bye, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

What a funny coat that will be!
Baby bunting will look like a rabbit.
Do you think it will keep baby warm?
It keeps the baby rabbit warm.

THE GO - TO - SLEEP STORY

I

“I must go to bed,” said little dog Penny.

“But first I must say good night to
Baby Ray.

He is kind to me.

He gives me some of his bread and milk.

I will see if he is asleep.”

So little dog Penny found Baby Ray.

He was in his mother’s arms.

She was telling him a Go-to-Sleep story.

Little dog Penny heard it.

This is what he heard,



The doggie that was given him to

keep, keep, keep,

Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep,

sleep, sleep.

II

“We must go to bed, too,” said the two kittens.

“But first we must say good night to Baby Ray.

He lets us play with his ball.

Let us see if he is asleep.”

So the little kittens found Baby Ray.

They heard the Go-to-Sleep story.

This is what they heard,

One doggie that was given him to keep,

keep, keep,

Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep,

creep,

Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep,

sleep.



III

“We must go to bed, too,” said the three bunnies.

“But first we must say good night to Baby Ray.

He gives us green leaves to eat.

Let us see if he is asleep.”

So the bunnies found Baby Ray.

They heard the Go-to-Sleep story.

This is what they heard,

One doggie that was given him to
keep, keep, keep,

Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep,
creep, creep,

Three pretty little bunnies with a
leap, leap, leap,

Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep,
sleep, sleep.



IV



“We must go to bed,” said the four white geese.

“But first we must say good night to Baby Ray. He gives us corn.

Let us see if he is asleep.”

So the four geese found Baby Ray.

They heard the Go-to-Sleep story.

One doggie that was given him to
keep, keep, keep,

Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep,
creep, creep,

Three pretty little bunnies with a
leap, leap, leap,

Four geese from a duck-pond, deep,
deep, deep,

Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep,
sleep, sleep.

V

“We must go to bed,” said the five little chicks.

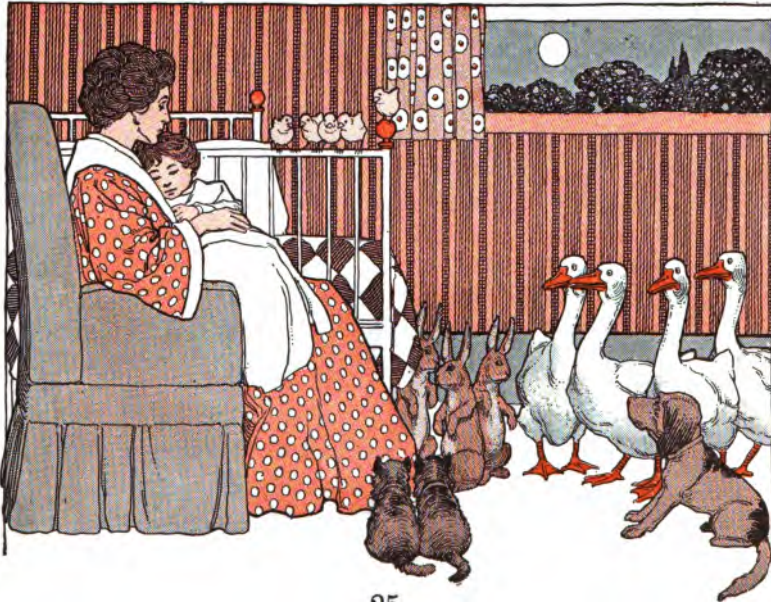
“But first we must say good night to Baby Ray.

He gives us bread.

Let us see if he is asleep.”

So the five little chicks found Baby Ray.

He was just going to sleep.



They heard the end of the Go-to-Sleep story.

This is what they heard,

One doggie that was given him to keep,
keep, keep,

Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep,
creep,

Three pretty little bunnies, with a leap,
leap, leap,

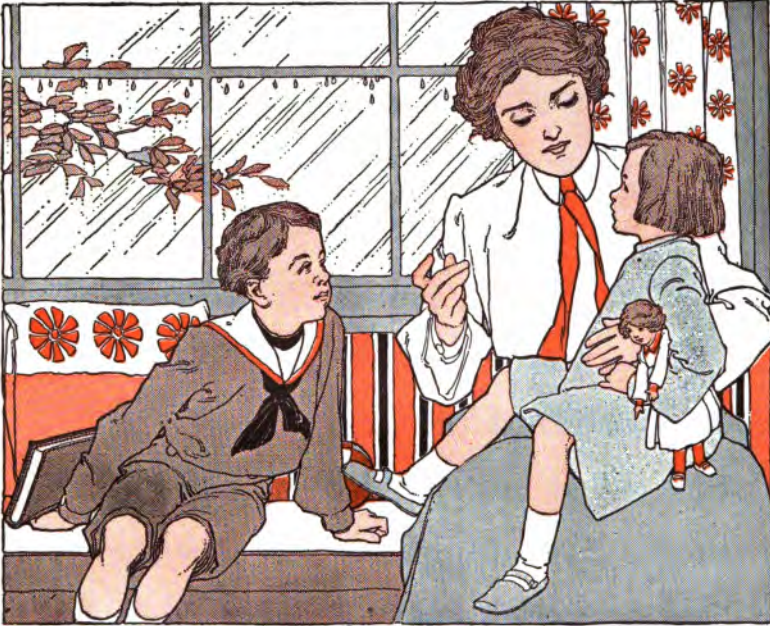
Four geese from the duck-pond, deep,
deep, deep,

Five downy little chicks crying, peep,
peep, peep,

All saw that Baby Ray was asleep, sleep,
sleep.

—*Eudora Bumstead—Adapted.*

THE STORY-HOUR



Listen to the falling rain,
Good for thirsty leaf and flower,
Good for children safe indoors,
For it brings the Story-Hour.
Tap, tap, tap! Rap, rap, rap!
Listen to the falling rain.

THE ANT AND THE DOVE

An ant said, "Oh, I am so thirsty!

I will go to the river.

I can get some water there."

So she went to the river.

But splash, she fell into the water!

"Help! Help!" she cried.

"The water is cold!"

A dove heard the ant.

She called out, "I will help you!"

So the dove dropped a leaf into the river.

The ant got on the leaf.

"Ooo-oo-o-o!" blew the wind.

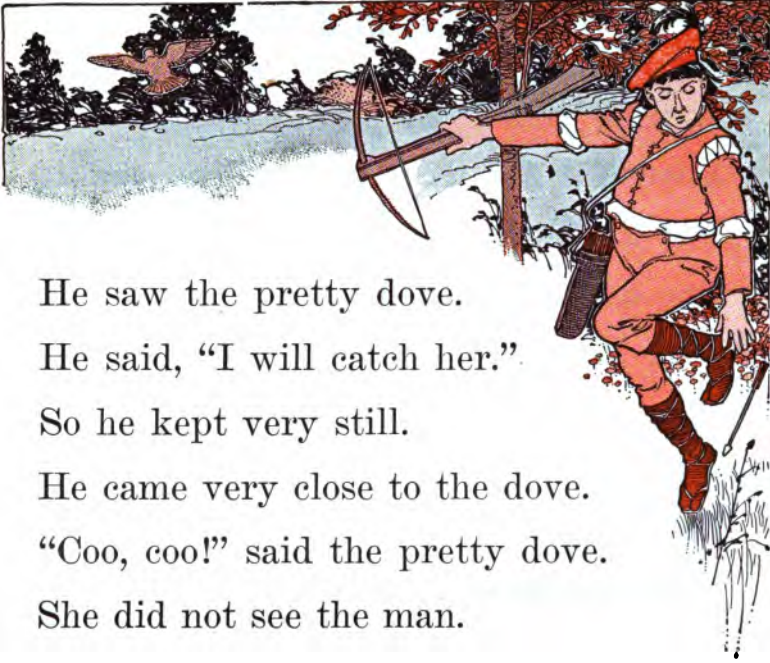
It blew the leaf to the land.

Then the ant got off the leaf.

"Thank you, kind dove," she said.

"Sometime I will help you."

Soon a man came by.



He saw the pretty dove.
He said, "I will catch her."
So he kept very still.
He came very close to the dove.
"Coo, coo!" said the pretty dove.
She did not see the man.
But the ant saw him.
She said, "I will help the good dove."
So she bit the man on the heel.
The man jumped! "Oh! Oh!" he cried.
Then the dove saw the man. Away she
flew!
She was safe.

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.

THE LITTLE TREE

A little tree lived in the woods.
Beautiful big trees grew all around it.
But the little tree was not happy.
One day a man came with his ax.
“Oh, help me!” said the little tree.
“Cut down these big trees so that I can
see the sun.

Let me feel the cool wind.
I do not have room enough.
How can I grow tall and big?
Please cut down these trees!
Then I shall grow tall and big.
I shall be king of all the trees.”
So the man cut down the big trees.
The little tree was all alone.
“How happy I am!” he said.
“Now I have room enough.”
The next day the sun came out.

It was very hot.
The little tree began to dry up.
“Oh, I wish the big trees were here!” he
said.

By and by the wind came.
It blew upon the little tree.
At last it broke the tree in two.
“How foolish you were!” said a little bird.
“The big trees hid you from the hot sun.
They kept the wind away from you.
They helped you to grow tall and big.
Don’t you wish they were here
now?

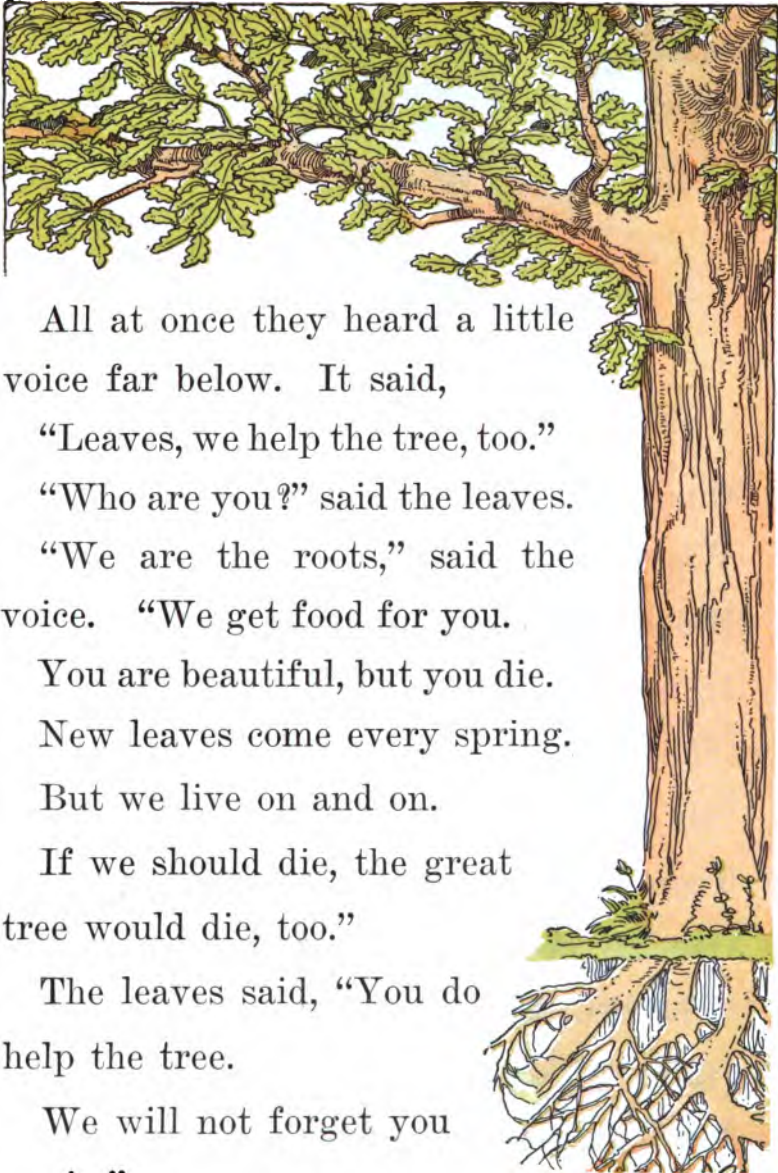
They were your best friends.”

—A Russian Fable.



THE PROUD LEAVES

An oak tree stood in a meadow.
Green leaves grew on the tree.
One day they said to the sun,
“How beautiful we are!
We make the oak tree beautiful.
What would the tree be if it had no leaves?
We make a cool shade, too.
Children play in our shade.
They swing and shout and sing.
All the birds fly into the tree.
They sing to us,
‘Tweet-tweet; to-wit-a-woo;’
See their little nests all around us!
The wind sings through us. It says,
‘Oo-oo-o-o! oo-oo-o-o! oo-oo-o-o!’”
So the leaves felt very proud.



All at once they heard a little voice far below. It said,

“Leaves, we help the tree, too.”

“Who are you?” said the leaves.

“We are the roots,” said the voice. “We get food for you.

You are beautiful, but you die.

New leaves come every spring.

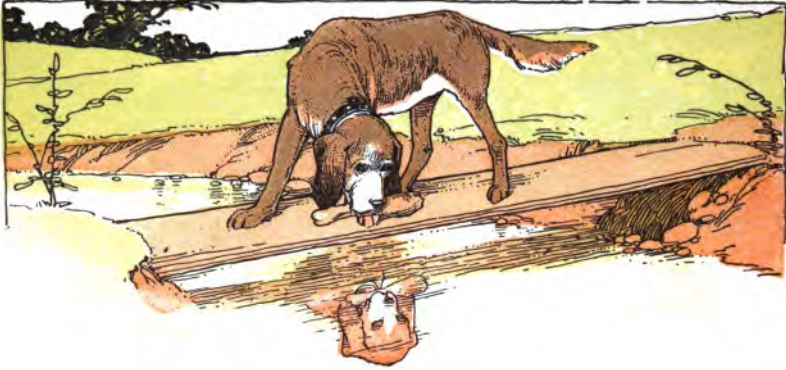
But we live on and on.

If we should die, the great tree would die, too.”

The leaves said, “You do help the tree.

We will not forget you again.”

—A Russian Fable.



THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

Once there was a big dog.

When he got a bone he always hid it.

He never gave a bit to any other dog.

If he saw a small dog with a bone he would say,

“Gr-gr! Give me that bone!”

Then he would steal the bone.

One day he took a bone from a little dog.

“The little dog shall not find this bone,” he said. “I will take it far away.

I will go across the brook and hide it.”

So the big dog ran to the brook.
There was a little bridge over the brook.
It was only a board.
The big dog ran out on the board.
He looked down into the water and
thought he saw another dog there.
He thought the dog had a bone, too.
“I will steal that bone,” said the big dog.
“Then I shall have two bones.”
He opened his mouth wide and snapped
at the other dog.
Then his own bone fell out of his mouth.
Splash! It went into the brook.
The big dog could not get it out.
There was no dog in the water at all!
The big dog had seen his own shadow.

—Retold from a Fable by *Æsop*.

THE KITE AND THE BUTTERFLY



A kite flew far up into the clouds.

It played with the wind.

It looked at the sun.

The kite saw a butterfly far below.

“Look at me!” said the kite.

“See how high I am!

I can see far, far away.

Maybe I shall reach the sun.

Don’t you wish you were a kite?

Then you could fly with me.”

“Oh, no!” said the butterfly.

“I do not fly very high.

But I go where I please.

You fly very high.

But you are tied to a string!”

—A Russian Fable.



THE CAT AND THE FOX

One day a cat met a fox in the woods.

They were looking for food.

The cat wanted a fat mouse.

The fox wanted a fat rabbit.

They had looked and looked.

But all the fat rabbits and all
the fat mice were hiding.

The fox was very cross.

When he wanted a rabbit, he
wanted it!

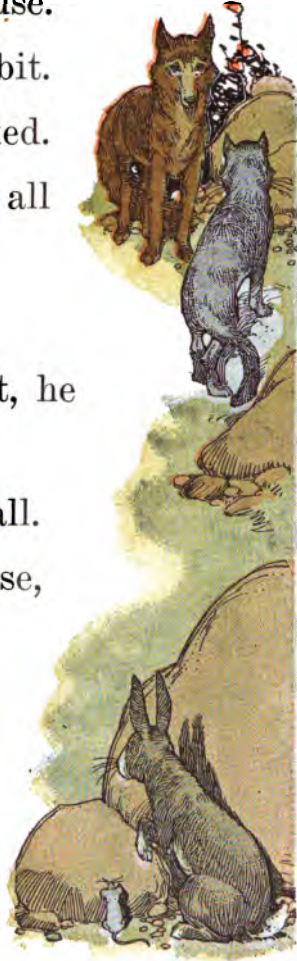
The cat was not cross at all.

When she wanted a mouse,
she could wait for it.

She said, "Good morning,
Mr. Fox.

I am glad to see you.

How are you getting on?"



The fox looked at the cat and laughed.

“You poor little mouse-catcher!” he said.

“I can always get along all right.

I know so many tricks.

How many tricks do you know?”

“I know only one trick,” said the cat.

“Pooh, pooh!” said the fox.

“Just one little trick! What is that?”

“I can jump up into a tree,” said the cat.

“When the dogs come—jump! I am safe!”

“Pooh, pooh!” said the fox, “Pooh, pooh!

Just one little trick!

Why, I know a dozen tricks. They are all better than your trick, too.

Let me show you some of them.

Then the dogs will never catch you.”

“All right!” said the cat.



Just then they heard a great noise.

“Cloppety-clop! Cloppety-clop!”

It was the hunter on his horse.

His dogs were running and barking.

Jump! The cat was safe in a tree!

But the dogs got Mr. Fox!

“I am only a poor little
mouse-catcher,” said the cat.

“I know only one trick.

But one trick is sometimes
better than a dozen.”

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.



A WISH

May: Oh, see the pretty birds!

How fast they fly!

They look so happy.

I wish I had wings.

Then I could fly, too.

But I have only legs.

My legs are short, and
they are slow, too.

Why can't I have wings?

When I go home I must
walk.

It will take me a long time.

I must go through the meadow.

Then there is such a hill to go up!

How many steps I must take!

Oh, if I were only a bird!

How fast I would fly home to mother!



Bird: Are you sure you would like to be
a bird?

I eat worms for my supper.

May: Oh, dear! I did not think of that!
I would not like to eat worms.
I like bread and milk for my supper.

Bird: Would you like to sleep up in a tree?
My birdies like their tree-top bed.

May: Oh, no! That would not do at all!
The wind might shake the tree.
It might shake me out of the nest.
My little white bed is best for me.

Bird: What would you do when the hawk
came?

My birdies hide from the hawk.

May: I am so big the hawk would see me.
Oh, I am so glad I am not a bird!
It is best for me to be a girl.

MOLLY AND THE PAIL OF MILK

Molly lived on a farm.

A little cow lived there, too.

The little cow gave rich milk.

One day Molly's mother said, "You may have this pail of milk, Molly.

Go to town and sell it.

You may have all the money you get."

"Oh, thank you, mother!" said Molly.

She put the pail of milk on her head and started for town.

"When I sell this milk, I shall get some money," she said.

"Then I will buy some eggs.

I will put the eggs under our hens.

The hens will sit on the eggs.

Soon little chickens will be hatched.



I will sell the chickens.
With the money I will buy more eggs.
I will buy many, many eggs.
Soon I shall have many little chickens.
I shall have hundreds of chickens.
I will sell them all.
What shall I do with all that money?
Oh, I know! I will buy some geese.
Then I will buy some ducks.
I will buy a pig.
I will buy a horse.
I will buy a cow.
I will buy a farm.
I will build a little house on the farm.
I will live in the little house.
How happy I shall be there!
This little pail of milk will do it all.”
It made Molly happy just to think of it.

She began to jump and sing.
Down came the pail of milk!
Poor Molly! She did not sell the milk.
She could not buy any eggs.
She could not buy ducks and geese, a pig,
a horse, a cow, and a little farm.
She could not build a little house.
She counted her chickens too soon.
Next time she will wait until they are
hatched.

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.





THE FINE PLAN

Once some mice lived in a big house.

They ate the cheese and bread.

They ran all over the house.

Patter, patter, patter, went their feet!

The house was full of mice.

A cat lived in the big house, too.

He was a big cat.

He liked to catch the mice.

He caught some every day.

The mice were afraid of him.

They said, "What shall we do?"

This big cat will catch us all.

He will eat us up.

Oh, what shall we do?"



“I know what to do,” said a little mouse.

“The cat makes no noise when he walks.

We can not hear him.

I have a fine plan.

The cat must wear a bell on his neck!

The bell will make a noise.

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! it will go.

We shall hear the bell. Then we shall know that the cat is coming.

We will run away.

The cat can not catch us.”

“What a fine plan!” said the other mice.

“Yes! yes! The cat must wear a bell on his neck!

Then he can not catch us.”

The mice jumped with joy.

The little mouse was very proud.



“How wise I am!” he said.

“Now we shall be safe.”

But Old Gray Mouse laughed.

He was the oldest mouse.

“Ho, ho!” he laughed, “ho, ho, ho!

That is a fine plan, little mouse.

But you forgot something.

Who will put the bell on the cat?

Will you, little mouse?”

“Oh, no, no! She would eat me up!”

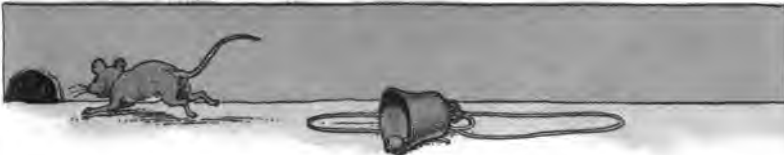
But someone must put the bell on the cat!

The little mouse had not thought of that.

He ran away as fast as he could go.

He cried “squeak! squeak!” all the way home.

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.



THE RACE

One day a little hare was in a meadow.

A little tortoise was there, too.

He was creeping to the river for a swim.

“How slow you are!” said the hare.

“You can not hop. You can only creep.

Look at me! See how fast I hop!”

And the little hare gave a great hop.

“I am slow,” said the tortoise.

“But I am sure.

Would you like to run a race with me?”

“Run a race!” cried the hare.

“What a joke that would be!

I hop and you creep.

How can we run a race?”

“Let us try,” said the tortoise.

“Let us race to the river.

We shall see who gets there first.”

“The river is a long way off,” said the hare.

“But I shall soon be there. Good-bye!”

Off went the little hare, hop! hop! hop!

Off went the tortoise, creep! creep! creep!

Soon the hare was nearly to the river.

It was a warm day.

“I will rest a little,” he said.

So the hare rested and ate some leaves.

Then he felt sleepy.

“It is very warm,” he said.

“I will take a little nap.

Here is a cool place.

The tortoise is slow.

I shall wake up before he creeps here.

Then I can hop to the river.

I shall be there long before the tortoise comes.”

So the little hare went to sleep.



The little tortoise came creeping on.
He did not stop to eat.
He did not stop to sleep.
He went on and on, creep, creep, creep.
By and by he came to the river.
The little hare slept a long time.
Then he waked up with a jump.
“Dear me! I must be going,” he said.
“I wonder where that slow tortoise is!
He is not here yet.”

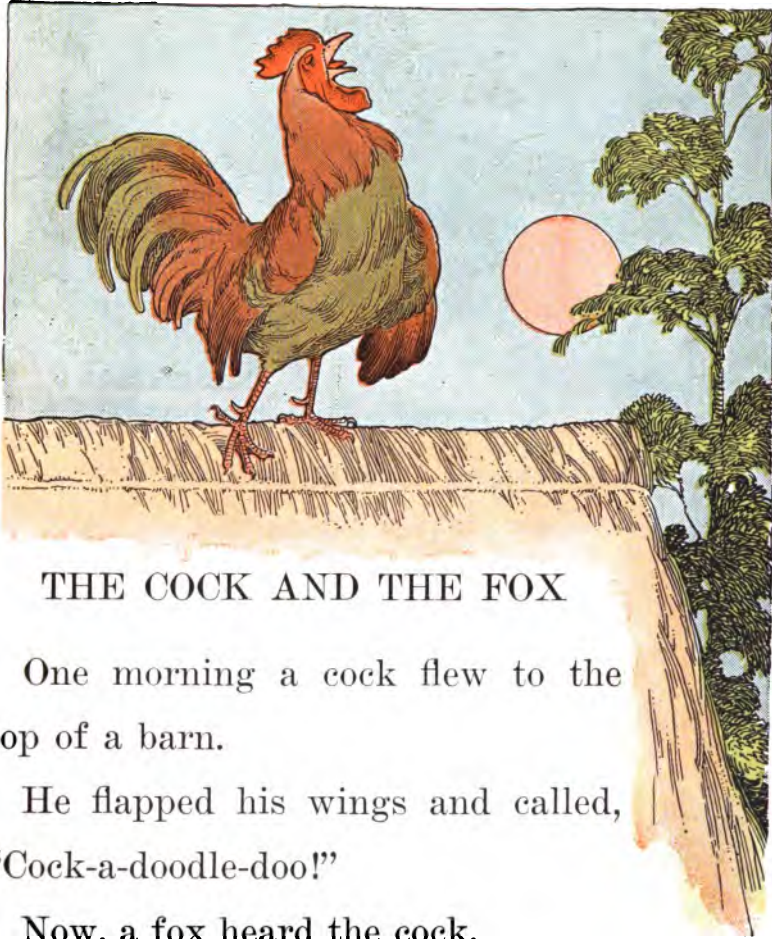
The little hare hopped
on to the river.

There was the little
tortoise waiting for him!

“Creep and creep,
Beats hop and sleep!”
said the little tortoise.



—Retold from a Fable by *Æsop*.



THE COCK AND THE FOX

One morning a cock flew to the top of a barn.

He flapped his wings and called, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Now, a fox heard the cock.

So he came to the barn.

He wanted to get the cock and eat him.

But the fox could not reach him.



So he called up to the cock,
“Come down, brother!

Have you heard the news?

The beasts and the birds are
going to live together.

They will not hurt each other
any more.

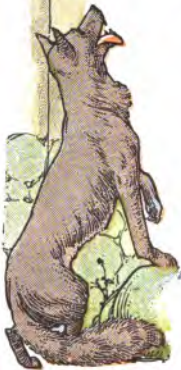
They will not eat each other up.

They will all be friends.

Come down, brother!

Let us talk about the news.”

But the cock knew the fox
had many tricks.



So he stayed on top of the barn.

He looked far, far away.

“What do I see? What do I see?” said he.

“Well, what do you see?” said the fox.

The cock looked far, far away.

“Oh! the dogs are coming! The dogs are coming!” he said.

The fox got up in a hurry.

“Good-bye,” he said. “I must be going!”

“Oh, no, brother!” said the cock. “Don’t go.

The dogs won’t hurt you, will they?

You said the beasts and the birds were going to live together and be friends.

Let us talk about the great news.”

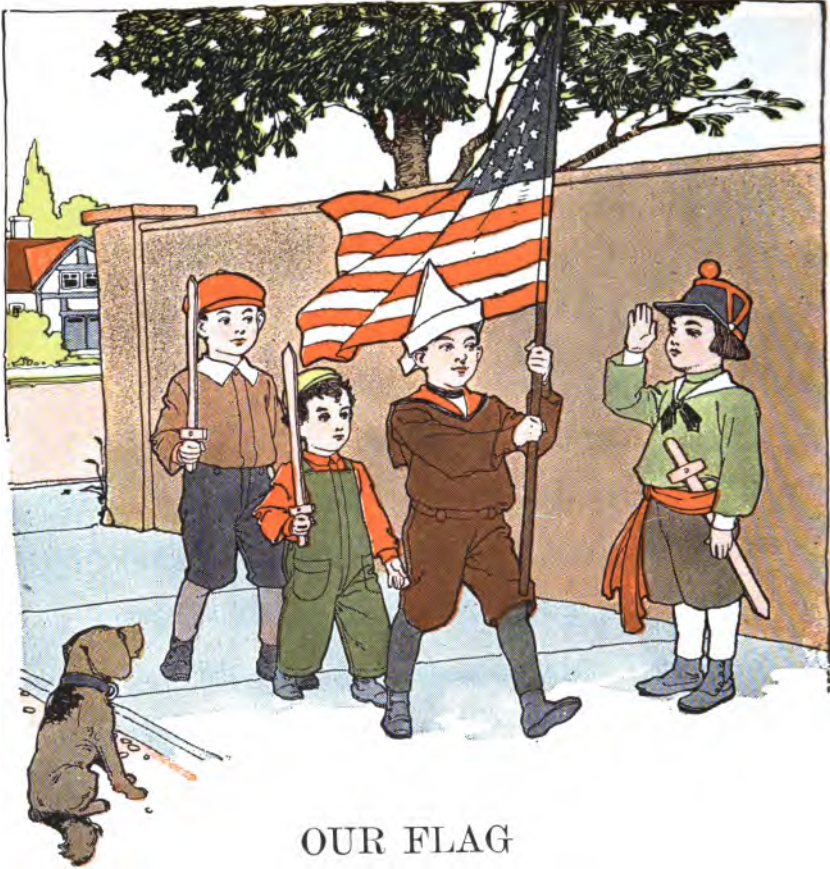
“No, no! I must hurry away,” said the fox.

“Maybe the dogs have not heard the news.”

So he ran off as fast as he could go.

That time the cock was wiser than the fox.

—Retold from a Fable by Æsop.



OUR FLAG

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

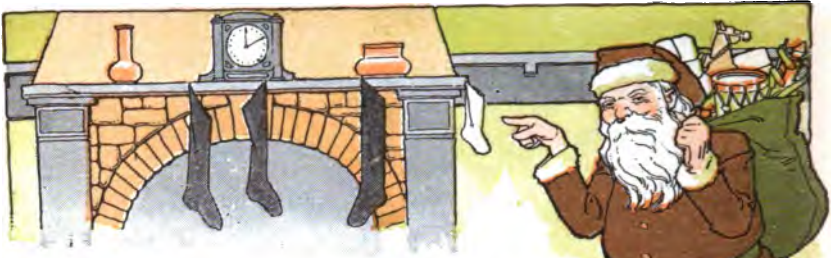
Then "Hurrah for the Flag!" our country's
flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

—*Mary Howlister.*

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

—*Samuel Smith.*

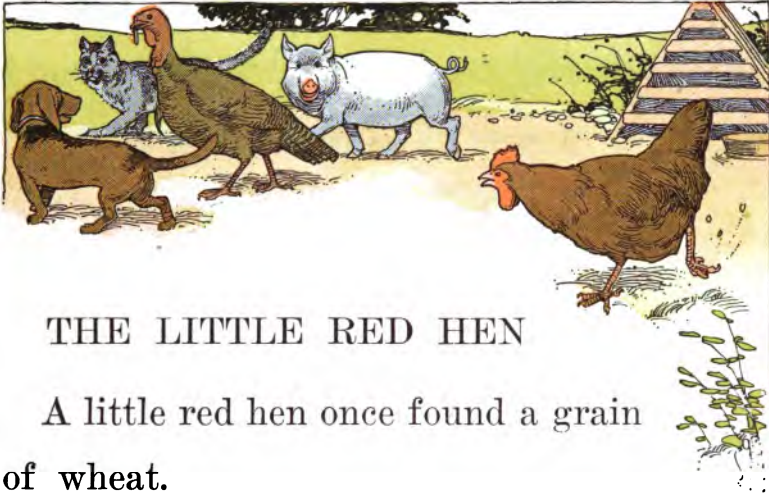


BABY'S STOCKING

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget.
The dear little baby darling
Has never seen Christmas yet.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here.
You have never seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year.

But she is the prettiest baby!
And now before you go,
Just fill her stocking with goodies
From the top way down to the toe."



THE LITTLE RED HEN

A little red hen once found a grain
of wheat.

“Who will plant this wheat?” she asked.

“I won’t,” said the dog.

“I won’t,” said the cat.

“I won’t,” said the pig.

“I won’t,” said the turkey.

“Then I will,” said the little red hen.

“Cluck! cluck!”

So she planted the grain of wheat.

Soon the wheat began to grow.

By and by it grew tall and ripe.

“Who will reap this wheat?” asked the little red hen.

“I won’t,” said the dog.

“I won’t,” said the cat.

“I won’t,” said the pig.

“I won’t,” said the turkey.

“I will, then,” said the little red hen.

“Cluck! cluck!”

So she reaped the wheat.

“Who will thresh this wheat?” said the little red hen.

“I won’t,” said the dog.

“I won’t,” said the cat.

“I won’t,” said the pig.

“I won’t,” said the turkey.

“I will, then,” said the little red hen.

“Cluck! cluck!”

So she threshed the wheat.

“Who will take this wheat to the mill to have it ground?” asked the little red hen.

“I won’t,” said the dog.

“I won’t,” said the cat.

“I won’t,” said the pig.

“I won’t,” said the turkey.

“I will, then,” said the little red hen.

“Cluck! cluck!”

So she took the wheat to the mill.

By and by she came back with the flour.

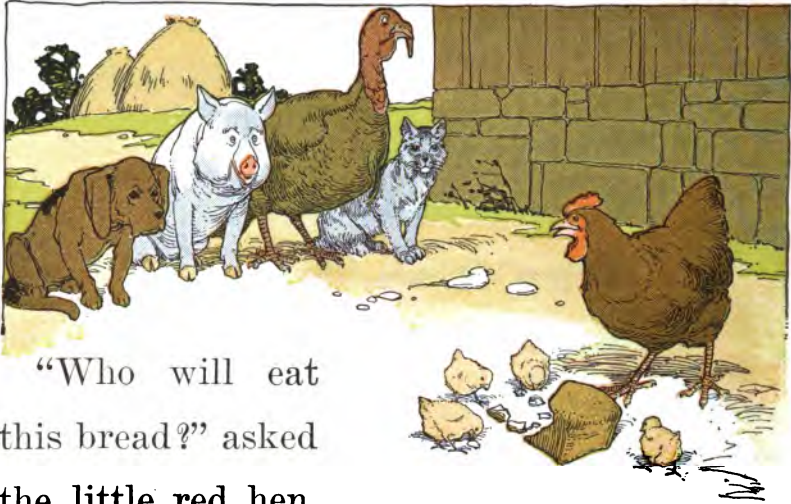
“Who will bake a loaf of bread with this flour?” asked the little red hen.

“I won’t,” said the dog, the cat, the pig, and the turkey.

“I will, then,” said the little red hen.

“Cluck! cluck!”

So she baked a loaf of bread with the flour.



“Who will eat this bread?” asked the little red hen.

“I will,” said the dog.

“I will,” said the cat.

“I will,” said the pig.

“I will,” said the turkey.

“No, you won’t,” said the little red hen.
“My little chicks and I are going to do that.
Cluck! cluck!”

So she called all of her little chicks and they ate up the loaf of bread.

—Old Tale.

THE LOST EGG

Bobbie had a pretty hen named Brownie.
Brownie had a soft nest in the barn.
Can you think why she sat there so long?
There were ten white eggs under her.
By and by Brownie heard a “Peep-peep!”
The shells of the eggs were breaking.
Little chicks were coming out
of the shells.

Soon Brownie had nine little chicks.
She kept them under her wings,
where it was warm.

“Peep, peep, peep!”
said the nine chicks.

“Where is my other
chick?” said Brownie.

“I had ten eggs. I
see only nine chicks.”



“Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck,” said Brownie to her little chickens.

“Let us take a walk.”

She took them into the garden, to find Bobbie and his mother.

“Oh, Mother,” cried Bobbie, “look at Brownie’s little chicks!”

“How many has she?” asked his mother.

“I will count them,” said Bobbie.

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. There are nine little chickens.”

“Why, Bobbie!” said his mother, “she had ten eggs. Where is the other chicken?”

Then his mother counted them.

She counted nine chickens, too.

“I will run to the barn,” said Bobbie.

“I may find it there.”

Away he ran as fast as he could go.

There was the egg, right in the nest!

Bobbie took it in his hand.

But he was in such a hurry that he dropped it to the ground.

Hark! What did he hear?

“Peep-peep! Peep-peep!”

He looked at the egg and saw that the shell was breaking.

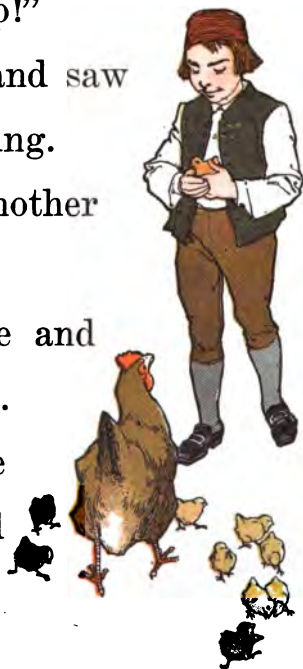
Then Bobbie saw another little chicken.

He gave it to Brownie and she put it under her wing.

All the other little chickens ran about and scratched in the dirt.

They were so happy!

Brownie was happy, too. She had found the lost chick.



—*Norse Folk Tale.*

THE GOATS IN THE TURNIP FIELD

Once a boy had three fine goats.

Every morning he took them to the hill so that they could eat the green grass.

The goats were very happy on the hill.

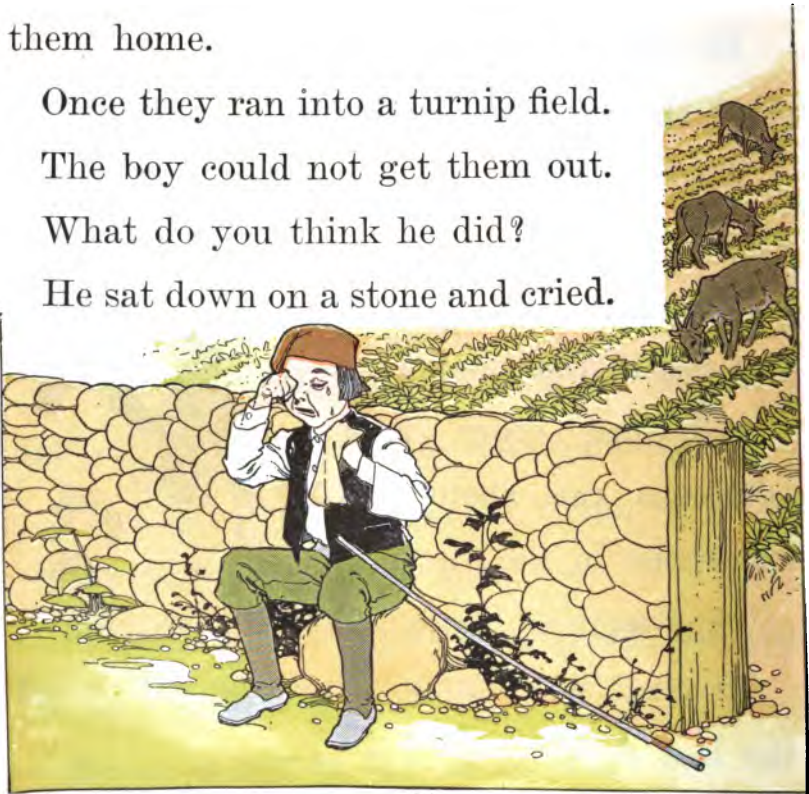
When evening came, the boy would take them home.

Once they ran into a turnip field.

The boy could not get them out.

What do you think he did?

He sat down on a stone and cried.



Along came a rabbit, hoppety-hop.

“Why are you crying?” asked the rabbit.

“Oh, oh! I can not get my goats out of the turnip field,” said the boy.

“I will do it for you,” said the rabbit.

So he ran after the goats.

But he could not get them out.

Then the rabbit sat down and cried.

Soon, along came a fox.

“Rabbit, why are you crying?” asked the fox.

“I cry because the boy cries,” he said.

“The boy cries because he can not get his goats out of the turnip field.”

“I will do it for him,” said the fox.

So the fox ran after the goats.

But he could not get them out.

Then the fox sat down and cried.



While they were crying, a wolf came by.

“Fox, why are you crying?” said the wolf.

“I cry because the rabbit cries,” said the fox.

“The rabbit cries because the boy cries.

The boy cries because he can not get his goats out of the turnip field.”

“I will do it for him,” said the wolf.

So the wolf ran after the goats.

But he could not get them out.

Then the wolf sat down and cried, too.

A little bee saw them all crying.

“Wolf, why are you crying?” said the bee.

“I cry because the fox cries,” said the wolf.

“The fox cries because the rabbit cries.

The rabbit cries because the boy cries.

The boy cries because he can not get his goats out of the turnip field.”

“I will do it for him,” said the bee.

Then they all stopped crying and began to laugh. “Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!” they said.

“How can a little bee like you do it?”

But the bee flew into the turnip field.

He flew right to the biggest goat’s back.

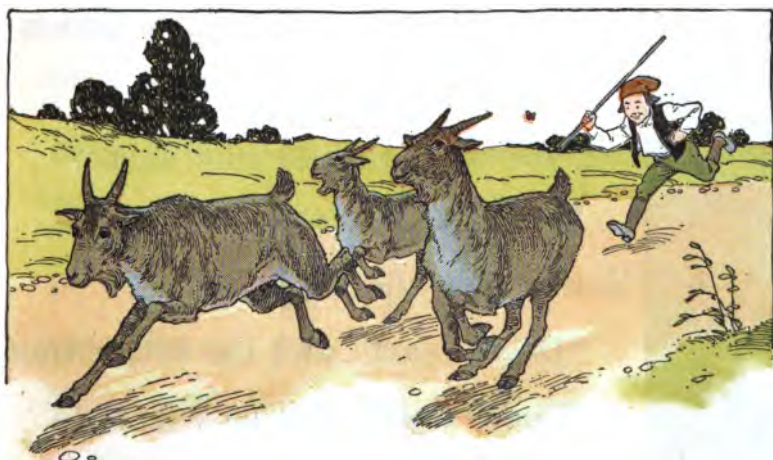
“Buzz-z-z!” he said, and out the goats ran!

Do you know why they ran out so fast?

They ran all the way home, too.

The boy laughed and ran after them.

—*Norwegian Folk Tale.*



THE CRANE EXPRESS

Six hungry little birds once sat
in a row by the sea.

“Let us cross the sea,” said one.

“We can get fat worms over
there.”

“But the sea is so wide!” said
another. “How can we get across?”

Soon a fish came swimming by.

“Fish, will you take us across
the sea?” asked the little birds.

“I will take you to the bottom
of the sea!” said the fish.

“We will go just like this!”

And he swam down, down,
down, into the sea.

“Dear! dear!” said the little birds.

“Dear! dear! Let us wait.”



So the hungry little birds waited.

By and by a sheep came walking along.

“Sheep, will you take us across the sea?”
asked the little birds.

“I never swim,” said the sheep, “and I
can not fly.

Why don’t you wait for the cranes?”

“Who are they?” asked the little birds.

“They are great, big birds,” said the
sheep.

“Their wings are so strong that they
can fly across the sea.

They have long beaks, and long necks.

They have long legs and big backs.

The cranes are very kind.

Every year they take other little birds
across the sea.

They will take you, too.”



THE NORTH WIND

“The North Wind is cold,”
The Robins say;
“And that is the reason
We fly away.”

“The North Wind is cold,
He is coming, hark!
I must haste away,”
Says the Meadow Lark.



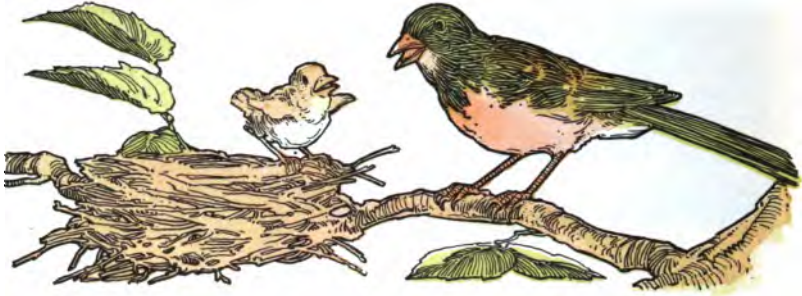
“The North Wind is cold
And brings the snow,”
Says Jenny Wren,
“And I must go.”

“The North Wind is cold,
As cold can be,
But I’m not afraid,”
Says the Chick-a-dee.

So the Chick-a-dee stays
And sees the snow
And likes to hear
The North Wind blow.

—*Rebecca B. Foresman.*





WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE
SAY?

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.



What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE HEN AND THE SQUIRREL

One day a hen met
a squirrel.

“Friend Hen,” said the
squirrel, “do you see that
tall oak tree?

It is full of good acorns.

Let us get some to eat.”

“All right, friend Squirrel,”
said the hen.

So they ran to the tree.

The squirrel ran right up
the tree and ate an acorn.

“How good it is!” he said.

The hen tried to fly up and
get an acorn.

But she could not fly so high.



So she called up to the squirrel,

“Friend squirrel! Throw me an acorn.”

The squirrel found a big acorn.

He threw it as hard as he could.

The acorn hit the hen, and cut her head.

So she ran to an old woman, and said,

“Old Woman, please give me a soft cloth.

Then I can tie up my poor
head.”

“First give me two hairs,”
said the old woman.

“Then I will give you
a soft cloth.”



The hen ran to a dog.

“Good Dog, give me two hairs,” she said.

“I will give them to the old woman.

The old woman will give me a soft cloth.

Then I can tie up my poor head.”

"First give me some bread," said the dog.

"Then I will give you two hairs."

The hen went to a baker and said,

"Oh, Good Baker, give me some bread.

I will give the bread to the dog.

The dog will give me two hairs.

I will give the hairs to the old woman.

The old woman will give me a soft cloth.

Then I can tie up my poor head."

"First get me some wood," said the baker.

"Then I will give you some bread."

The hen went to the forest and said,

"Oh, Good Forest, give me some wood.

I will give the wood to the baker.

The baker will give me some bread.

I will give the bread to the dog.

The dog will give me two hairs.

I will give the hairs to the old woman.

The old woman will give me
a soft cloth.

Then I can tie up my head.”

“First give me some water,”
said the forest.

“Then I will give you wood.”

The hen went to a stream.

“Stream, give me some water.

I will give it to the forest.

The forest will give me wood.

I will give the wood to the baker.

The baker will give me bread.

I will give the bread to the dog.

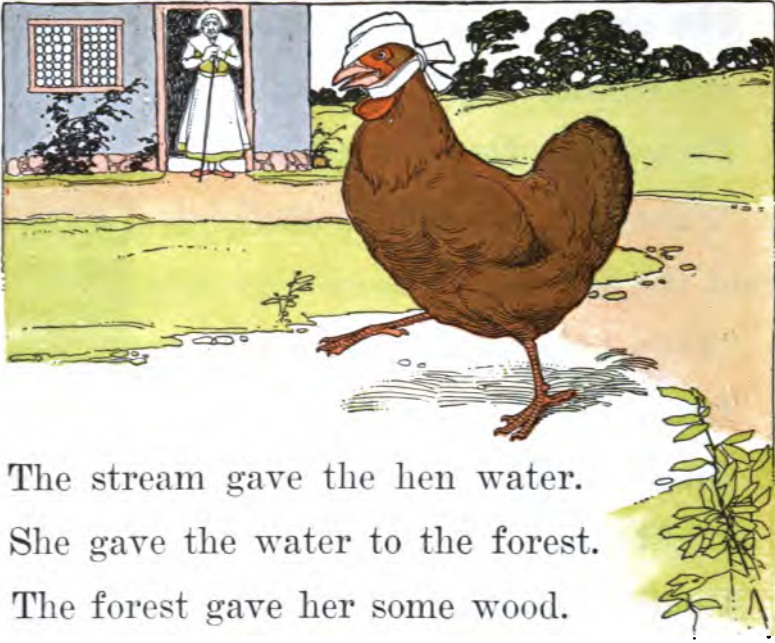
The dog will give me two hairs.

I will give them to the old woman.

The old woman will give me a
soft cloth.

Then I can tie up my head.”





The stream gave the hen water.
She gave the water to the forest.
The forest gave her some wood.
She gave the wood to the baker.
The baker gave her some bread.
She gave the bread to the dog.
The dog gave her two hairs.
She gave the two hairs to the old woman.
The old woman gave her a soft cloth.
So the hen tied up her poor head.

—*Old Tale.*

THE PINE TREE AND ITS NEEDLES

A little pine tree lived in the woods.

It had leaves like long green needles.

The little pine tree was not happy.

“I do not like my green needles,” it said.

“I wish I had beautiful leaves.

How happy I would be if I only
had gold leaves!”



Night came.

Then the Fairy of the Trees
walked in the woods.

“Little pine tree,” she said,
“you may have your wish.”

In the morning the little pine
tree had leaves of shining gold.

“How beautiful I am!” it said.

“See how I shine in the sun!

Now I am happy!”



Night came.

Then a man walked in the woods.
He picked off all the gold leaves
and put them into a bag.



The little tree had no leaves at all.

“What shall I do?” it said.

“I do not want gold leaves again.

I wish I had glass leaves.

Glass leaves would shine in the sun, too.

And no one would take glass leaves.”

Night came.

The Fairy walked in the woods again.

“Little pine tree,” she said, “you may have
your wish.”

In the morning the tree had glass leaves.

“How beautiful I am!” it said.

“See how I shine in the sun!

Now I am happy.”

Night came.

Then the wind came through the woods.

Oh, how hard it blew!

It broke all the beautiful glass leaves.

“What shall I do now?” said the tree.

“I do not want glass leaves again.

The oak tree has big green leaves.

I wish I had big green leaves, too.”

Night came.

Then the Fairy of the Trees walked in the woods again.

“Little pine tree,” she said, “you may have your wish.”

In the morning the little pine tree had big green leaves.

“How beautiful I am!” it said.

“Now I am like the other trees.

At last I am happy.”



Night came.

A goat came through the woods.

He ate all the big green leaves.

“What shall I do?” said the tree.

“A man took my leaves of gold.

The wind broke my leaves of glass.

A goat ate my big green leaves.

I wish I had my long needles again.”

Night came.

The Fairy walked in the woods again.

“Little pine tree,” she said,

“you may have your wish.”

In the morning the little pine tree had its long needles again.

“Now I am happy,” said the tree.

“I do not want any other leaves.

Little pine needles are best for little pine trees.”



—Adapted from a German Tale.

THE GOSLING'S SWIMMING LESSON

One day Little Gosling went into a pond.

“Why do you go into the pond?”
asked the chicken.



“I am going to learn to swim,”
said Little Gosling.

“Then I will peep,” said the chicken.
So the chicken peeped.



“Why do you peep?” asked the duckling.

“Little Gosling swims, so I peep,”
said the chicken.



“Then I will quack,” said the
duckling. So the duckling quacked.

“Why do you quack?” asked the rabbit.

“Little Gosling swims, the chicken
peeps, so I quack,” said the duckling.

“Then I will leap,” said the rabbit.

So the rabbit leaped.



“Why do you leap?” asked the black colt.

“Little Gosling swims, the chicken peeps,
The duckling quacks, so I leap,”
said the rabbit.

“Then I will run,” said the black
colt. So the black colt ran.

“Why do you run?” asked the
white dove.

“Little Gosling swims, the chicken peeps,
The duckling quacks and the rabbit leaps,
So I run,” said the black colt.

“Then I will coo,” said the white
dove. So the white dove cooed.

“Why do you coo?” asked the fluffy dog.
“Little Gosling swims, the chicken peeps,
The duckling quacks and the
rabbit leaps,

The black colt runs, so I coo.”
said the white dove.



“Then I will bark,” said the fluffy dog.

So the fluffy dog barked.

“Why do you bark?” said the speckled calf.

“Little Gosling swims and the chicken peeps,

The duckling quacks and the rabbit leaps,

The black colt runs and the white dove coos,

So I bark,” said the fluffy dog.

“Then I will moo,” said the
speckled calf.

So Little Gosling swam and the
chicken peeped,

The duckling quacked and the
rabbit leaped,

The black colt ran and the white dove cooed,
The fluffy dog barked and the speckled
calf mooed.

And Little Gosling learned to swim.



—*English Folk Tale.*

I DON'T CARE

I

A horse and a brown colt once lived in a meadow.

One day the gate was open.

“I will run out of the gate,”
said the brown colt.

“No, no!” said the horse.

“You must stay in the meadow.”

“Why?” asked the brown colt.

“I do not know,” said the horse.

“But the old white horse told
me to stay. So I shall stay.”

“I don't care!” said the colt.

“It is too quiet here for me.

If I run down the road, I shall
have more fun.”

So off he ran, down the road.



By and by he met the old white horse.

“Why are you here?” asked the old horse.

“I want some fun,” said the colt.

“I am tired of staying in the meadow.”

“The meadow is the best place for you,”
said the old white horse.

“You have no shoes on your feet.

You are too young to see the world.”

“I don’t care!” said the brown colt.

He kicked up his heels and ran on.

By and by he met a mule.

The mule had a big load on his back.

“Why are you here?” he asked the colt.

“You should be in the meadow.

The town is close by and it is no place for
a young colt like you.”

“I don’t care! I want some fun,” said
the brown colt.

II

The little colt ran on to the town.
He had never seen a town before.
What a noise the wagons made!
The little colt was frightened.
He wanted to run back to the meadow.
Then some men and boys ran after him.
They shouted at him and tried to catch him.



Soon he came to a big glass window.

He saw his shadow in the window and he thought it was another colt.

“Oh, there is another colt just like me!”
said the little brown colt.

“I will ask him the way to the meadow.”

But it was not another colt.

It was only his shadow he saw in the glass.

The little brown colt ran into the window
and broke the glass.

The glass cut him and he fell down.

Then some men caught him.

They took the little colt back to the
meadow and shut him in.

Now he does not want to run away.

He never says, “I don’t care” any more.

—*Gertrude Sellon.*

THE CAMEL AND THE PIG

I

One day a camel and a pig were talking.
The camel was proud because he was tall.
But the pig was proud because he was short.

“Just look at me!” said the camel.

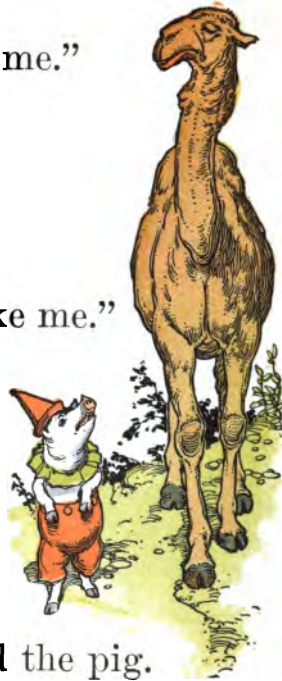
“See how tall I am!
It is better to be tall, like me.”

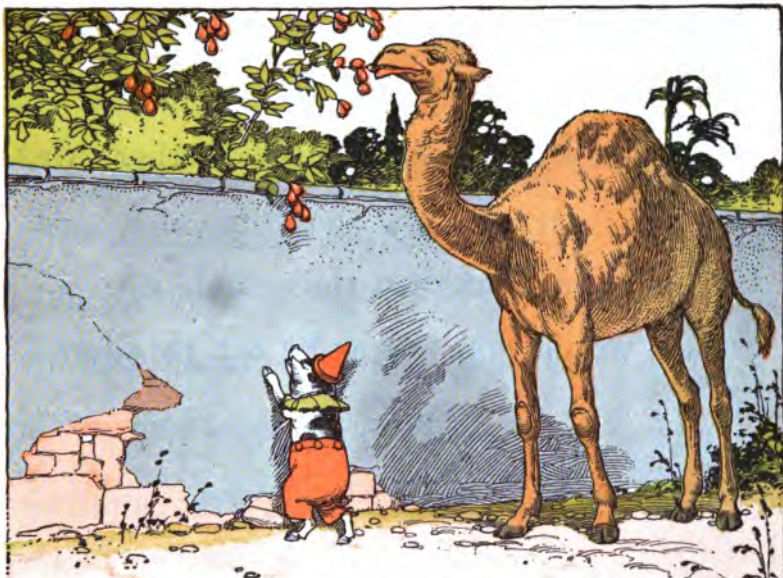
“Oh, no!” said the pig.

“Just look at me!
See how short I am!
It is better to be short, like me.”

“If I am not right, I
will give up my hump,”
said the camel.

“If I am not right, I
will give up my snout,” said the pig.





Soon they came to a garden.
All around it was a wall.
There was no gate in the wall.
The camel was so tall that he could see
over the wall. He could see fine, juicy
fruit in the garden.
His neck was so long that he could reach
over the wall and get the fruit.
He ate all he wanted.

But the poor pig was short.
He could not reach over the wall.
He could not get inside because there was
no gate.

“Ha, ha, ha!” laughed the camel.

“Now would you rather be tall or short?”



II

Soon they came to another
garden.

All around it was a high wall.
It was so high that the camel
could not see over it.

But there was a gate in the wall.
The pig went through the gate.
This garden was full of fine,
juicy plants, too.

The pig ate all he wanted.

But the camel was so tall that he could not get through the gate.

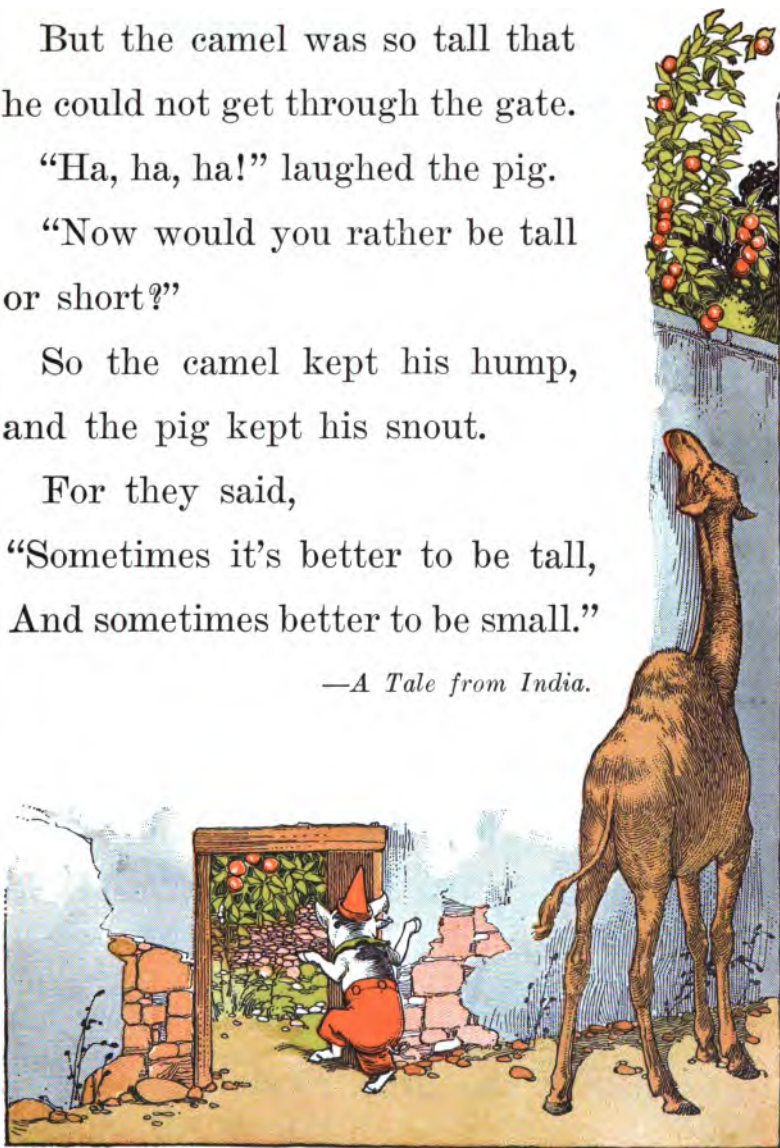
“Ha, ha, ha!” laughed the pig.

“Now would you rather be tall or short?”

So the camel kept his hump, and the pig kept his snout.

For they said,
“Sometimes it’s better to be tall,
And sometimes better to be small.”

—*A Tale from India.*



THE LITTLE ROOSTER

I

Once there was a man who had a little rooster.

The little rooster liked to crow.

One night the man said, "How sleepy I am! I will go to bed and have a good sleep."

So he went to bed, and slept.

Next morning the little rooster got up very early and ran to the house.

He flapped his wings and crowed, "Koo-ke-roo! koo-ke-roo!"



He crowed so loud that he waked the man.

"That must be the little rooster," said the man.

The man was so angry that he threw his hair-brush at the little rooster.

The rooster ran away as fast as he could.

Then the man said, "Now that I am up, I will plant my garden."

So he planted his garden.

That night he put the little rooster into the hen-yard.

He said, "Now I will have a long sleep."

He went to bed, and slept.

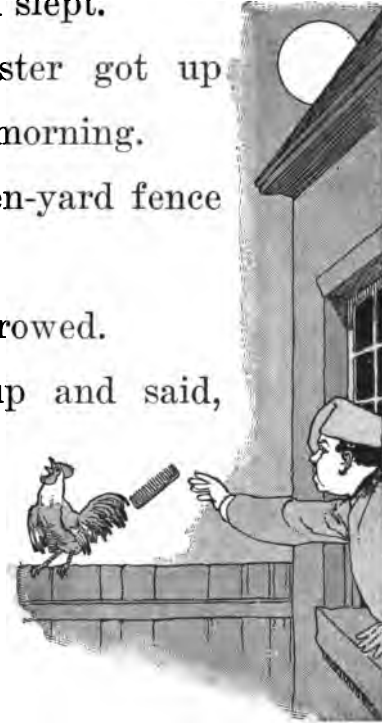
But the little rooster got up very early the next morning.

He flew over the hen-yard fence and ran to the house.

"Koo-ke-roo!" he crowed.

The man waked up and said, "There is that little rooster again."

He was so angry that he threw his comb at the rooster.



But the little rooster had a comb. So he ran away as fast as he could.

Then the man said, "Now that I am up, I will weed my garden."

So he weeded his garden.

II

That night the man tied the little rooster in the hen-yard with a string.

He said, "Now I will have a long sleep."

So he went to bed, and slept.

The little rooster got up very early the next morning.

He bit the string in two and flew over the hen-yard fence.

He ran to the house and flapped his wings.

"Koo-ke-roo! koo-ke-roo!" he crowed.

The little rooster crowed so loud that the man waked up.

“There is that little rooster again!” said the man. “How can I sleep?”

He was as angry as he could be.

So he caught the little rooster and gave him away.

That night the man went to sleep early.

He had a long sleep.

The next night he had a long sleep.



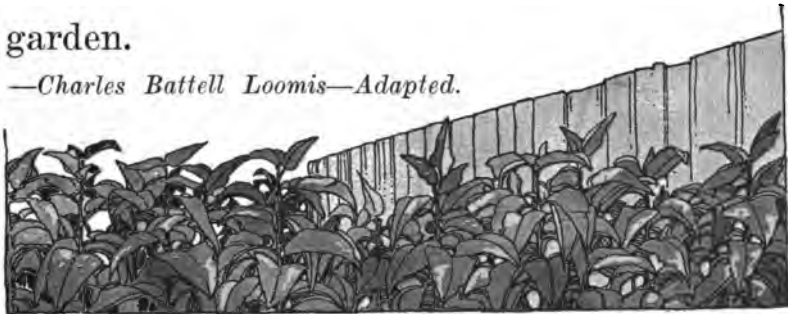
And the next night.

And the next.

And the next.

But the weeds grew up and filled his garden.

—Charles Battell Loomis—Adapted.



NORTH WIND AT PLAY

I

North Wind went out one summer day.

“Now I will have a good play,” he said.

He saw an apple tree full of apples.

“Oh, apple tree, come and play with me!

We can have fun together,” said North Wind.

“Oh, no!” said the apple tree.

“I can not play with you. I must work.

I am helping my apples to grow.

By and by they will get big and red.

Then little children can eat them.

Oh, no! I can not play with you.”

“We will see about that,” said North Wind. “I will make you play with me.”

“Puff! puff!” he said, and all the apples fell to the ground.



Then North Wind saw a field of corn.

“Oh, corn, come and play with me!” he said.

“No, no, North Wind!” said the corn.

“I can not play with you just now.

I must stand still and grow.

Lift up my long green leaves.

Do you see the white grains under them?

They must grow big and yellow.

Then the miller can make them into meal.

Little children can have corn bread to eat.

No, no! I can not play with you.”

“Puff! puff!” said North Wind.

All the corn fell to the ground.

II

By and by North Wind saw a lily.

“Oh, lily, come and play with me.

We can have fun together,” he said.

“Oh, no, North Wind!” said the lily.

“I can not play with you today.

I must take care of my buds.

They will open soon and then they will be
beautiful lilies.

Then little children will come to see me.

Oh, no! I can not play with you.”

“Puff! puff!” said North Wind.

The lily hung her head.

She did not lift it up again.



At night North Wind went home.

“What did you do today?” said his father.

“I went out to play,” said North Wind.

“But no one wanted to play with me.

So I shook the apple tree and all the apples
fell to the ground.

Then I shook the corn, and it fell, too.

I blew so hard that the lily hung her head.

I did not want to hurt them, father. I was
only playing.”

“You are too rough,” said his father.

“I know you do not want to be rough.

You must stay at home in summer.

You must wait until the apples and the
corn and the lilies are gone.

You may go out to play in winter.

Then you can puff all you want to.”

—*From the German.*

THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

Once there were three billy goats.

They were all named “Gruff.”

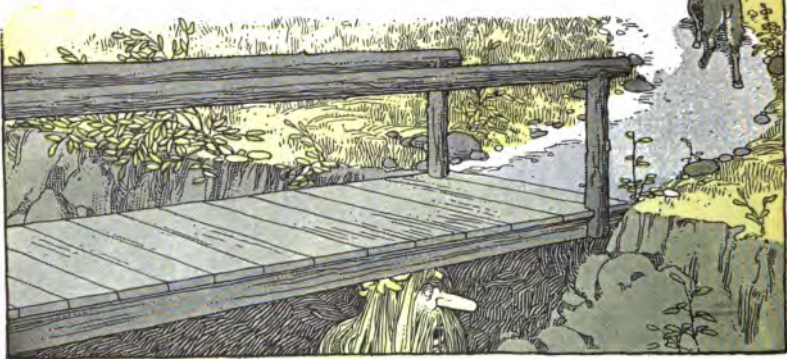
Every day they went up a hill
to eat the grass and grow fat.

There was a little brook at the
bottom of the hill.

Over the brook was a bridge.

A Troll lived under the bridge.

He was so big and ugly that
every one was afraid of him.



One day the three billy goats were going up the hill to get fat.

Little Billy Goat Gruff was the first to cross the bridge.

Trip-trap! trip-trap! went the bridge.

“Who is that tripping on my bridge?” called the Troll.

“Oh, it is just Little Billy Goat Gruff.

I am going up the hill to get fat,” said the little billy goat.

“Well, I am coming to gobble you up!” said the Troll.

“Oh, no!” said Little Billy Goat.

“Do not take me! I am too little.

Wait for Second Billy Goat.

He is much bigger than I am.”

“Well, be off with you!” said the Troll.



Soon Second Billy Goat Gruff came to the bridge.

Trip-trap! trip-trap! trip-trap! went the bridge.

“Who is that tripping on my bridge?” called the Troll.

“Oh, it is just Second Billy Goat Gruff. I am going up the hill to get fat,” said the second billy goat.



“Well, I am coming to gobble you up!” said the Troll.

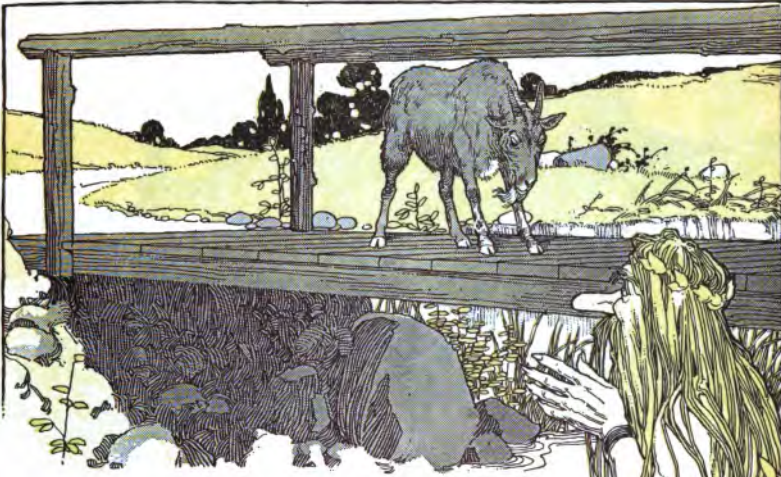
“Oh, no!” said Second Billy Goat. “Do not take me.

I am not very big.

Wait for Big Billy Goat.

He is much bigger than I am.”

“Well, be off with you!” said the Troll.



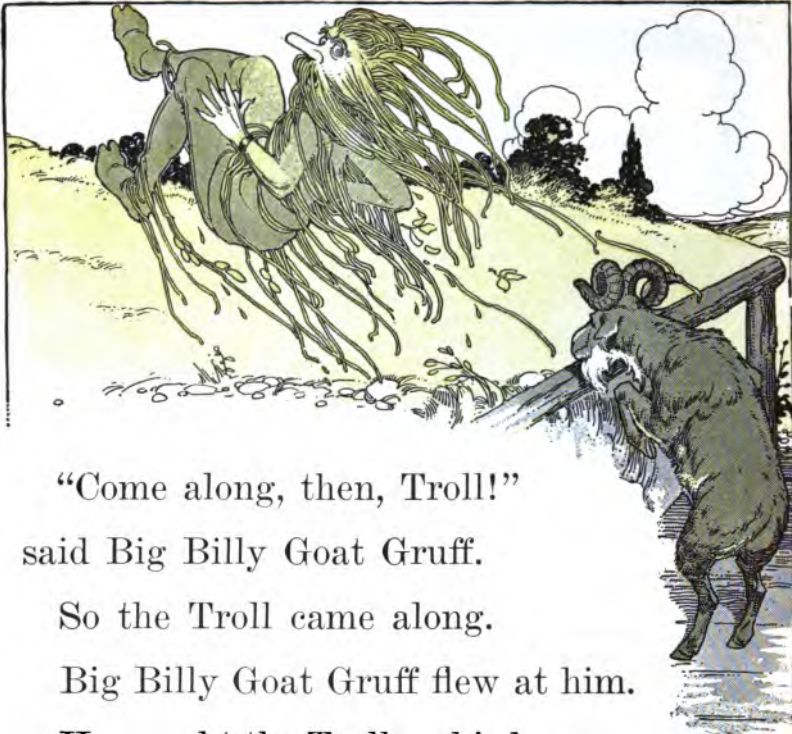
Just then Big Billy Goat
Gruff came to the bridge.

Trip-trap! trip-trap! trip-trap!
trip-trap! went the bridge.

“Who is that tripping on my
bridge?” called the Troll.

“Oh, it is just Big Billy Goat Gruff!
I am going up the hill to get fat.”

“Well, I am coming to gobble you up!”
said the Troll.



“Come along, then, Troll!”
said Big Billy Goat Gruff.
So the Troll came along.
Big Billy Goat Gruff flew at him.
He caught the Troll on his horns
And threw him into the brook
The Troll was frightened.
He jumped out of the water and ran away.
The three billy goats never saw him again.
They go up the hill every day and now
they are as fat as they can be.

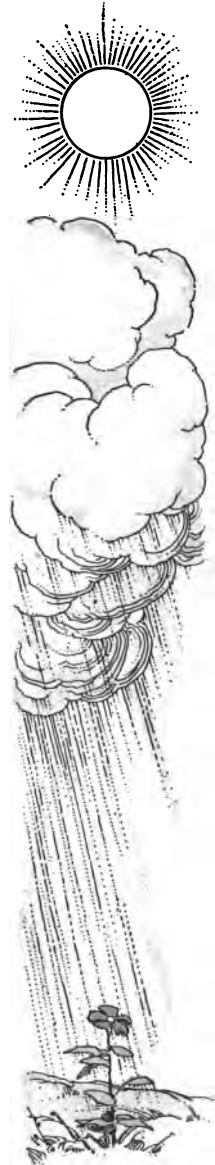
THE LITTLE PLANT

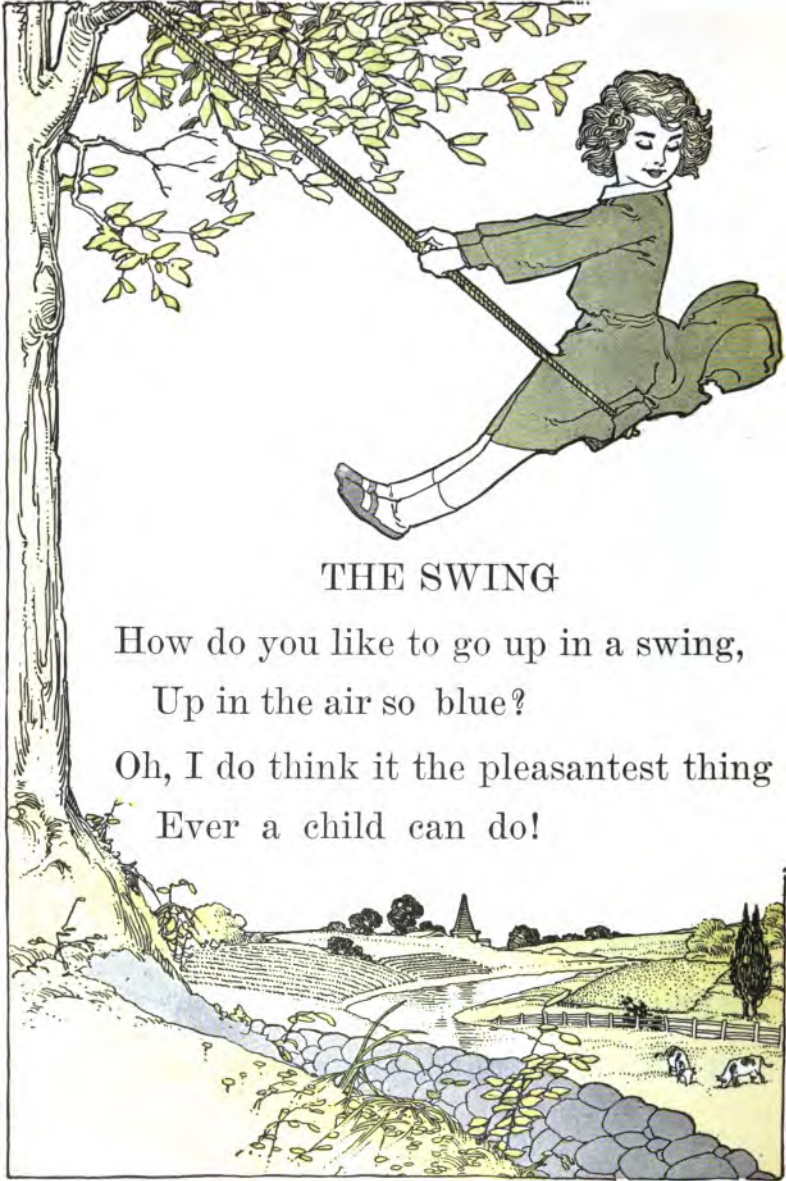
In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

“Wake!” said the sunshine,
“And creep to the light,”
“Wake!” said the voice,
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

—*Kate Louise Brown.*





THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?

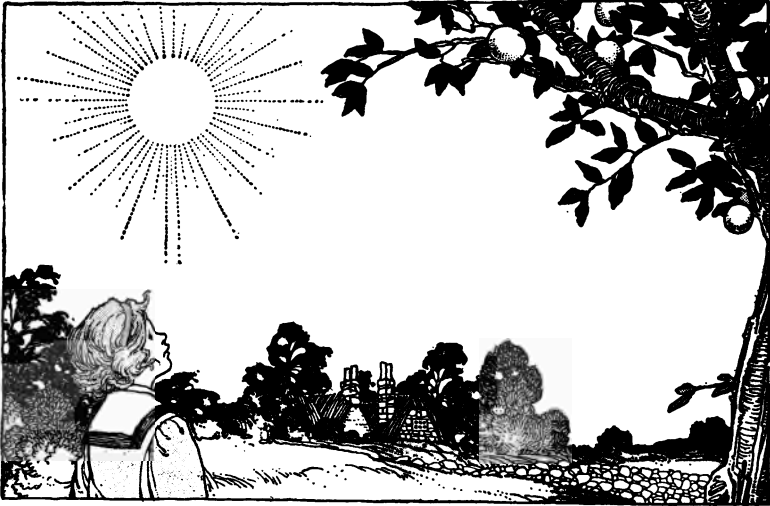
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the country-side.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*





THE SLEEPING APPLE

I

A little apple hung high up on an apple tree.

It slept and grew, and slept and grew.

At last it was large and ripe, but it still slept on.

One day a little girl came walking under the tree and saw the apple.

“Why does the apple sleep so long?” said the little girl.

“The world is so beautiful!

I wish the apple would wake up and see.

Maybe I can wake it.”

So she called out,

“Oh, apple, wake up! Do not sleep so long.

Wake up, wake up, and come with me!”

But the sleeping apple did not move.

“Oh, Sun, beautiful Sun!” said the girl.

“Will you kiss the apple and make it wake? That is the way mother wakes me.”

“Oh, yes,” said the sun, “indeed, I will.”

So he kissed the apple until it was a golden yellow.

It was as golden as the sun.

But still the apple slept on.

II

By and by a robin flew to the tree.



“Dear Robin,” said the little girl, “can you help me wake the sleeping apple?”

I can not wake it and the sun can not wake it. We have tried and tried.

It will sleep too long.”

“Oh, yes, little girl, I can wake the apple,” said the robin.

“I will sing to it just as I sing to my little birdies in their nest.

I wake my birdies every morning with a song.”

“Cheer up! wake up! cheer up! wake up!” sang the robin in the apple tree.

But the sleeping apple did not move.

“Oo,—oo,—oo,—oo! Oo,—oo,—oo,—oo!”

“Who is that coming through the trees?”
said the little girl.

“Oh, it is my friend, the Wind. Oh,
Wind, you have often waked me at night.
Can you not wake this beautiful apple?
It has slept so long.”

“Indeed, I can,” said the wind.

“It is time for all apples to wake up.
Summer will soon be over.”

“Oo,—oo,—oo,” he said, and shook the tree.
The apple waked and fell down, down,
down to the ground.

The little girl kissed its golden cheeks.

“Oh, thank you, kind wind,” she said.

“If you had not come, the apple would
have slept all the summer long.”

SWEET PORRIDGE

I

Once there was a little girl who lived with her mother.

They were very poor.

Sometimes they had no supper.

Then they went to bed hungry.

One day the little girl went into the woods.

She wanted sticks for the fire.

She was so hungry and sad!

“Oh, I wish I had some sweet porridge!” she said.

“I wish I had a pot full for mother and me.

We could eat it all up.”

Just then she saw an old woman with a little black pot.



She said, "Little girl, why are you so sad?"

"I am hungry," said the little girl.

"My mother is hungry, too.

We have nothing to eat.

Oh, I wish we had some sweet porridge for our supper!"

"I will help you," said the old woman.



"Take this little black pot.

When you want some sweet porridge you must say, 'Little pot, boil!'

The little pot will boil and boil and boil.

You will have all the sweet porridge you want.

When the little pot is full, you must say, 'Little pot, stop!'

Then the little pot will stop boiling."

The little girl thanked the old woman, and ran home with the little black pot.

Then she made a fire with the sticks and put the little black pot on the fire.

“Little pot, boil!” she said.

The little pot boiled and boiled and boiled, until it was full of sweet porridge.

Then the little girl said, “Little pot, stop!”

The little pot stopped boiling.

She called her mother and they ate all the sweet porridge they wanted.

The little girl told her mother about the old woman.

“Now,” they said, “we are happy.

We shall not be hungry any more.”



II

The next day the little girl went into the woods again.

She was gone a long time.

“She will be hungry when she comes home,” said her mother.

“I will boil the sweet porridge.”

So she put the little black pot on the fire.

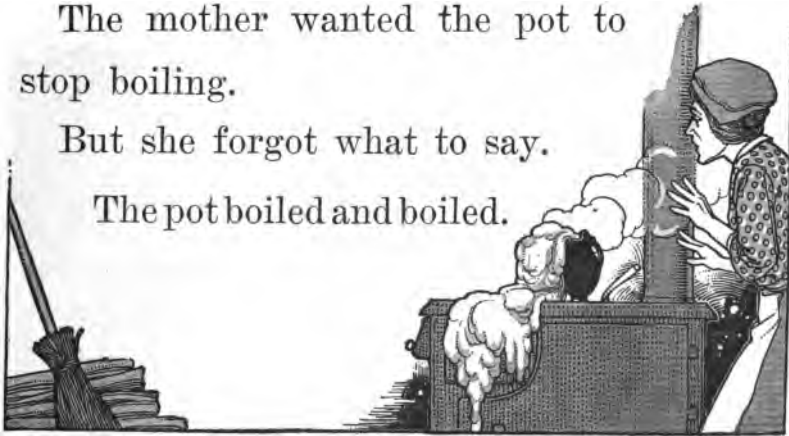
“Little pot, boil!” she said.

The little pot boiled and boiled until it was full of sweet porridge.

The mother wanted the pot to stop boiling.

But she forgot what to say.

The pot boiled and boiled.



The porridge boiled over on
the stove.

It ran all over the stove.

Then it ran all over the floor.

It flowed into the street.

It flowed on and on and on.

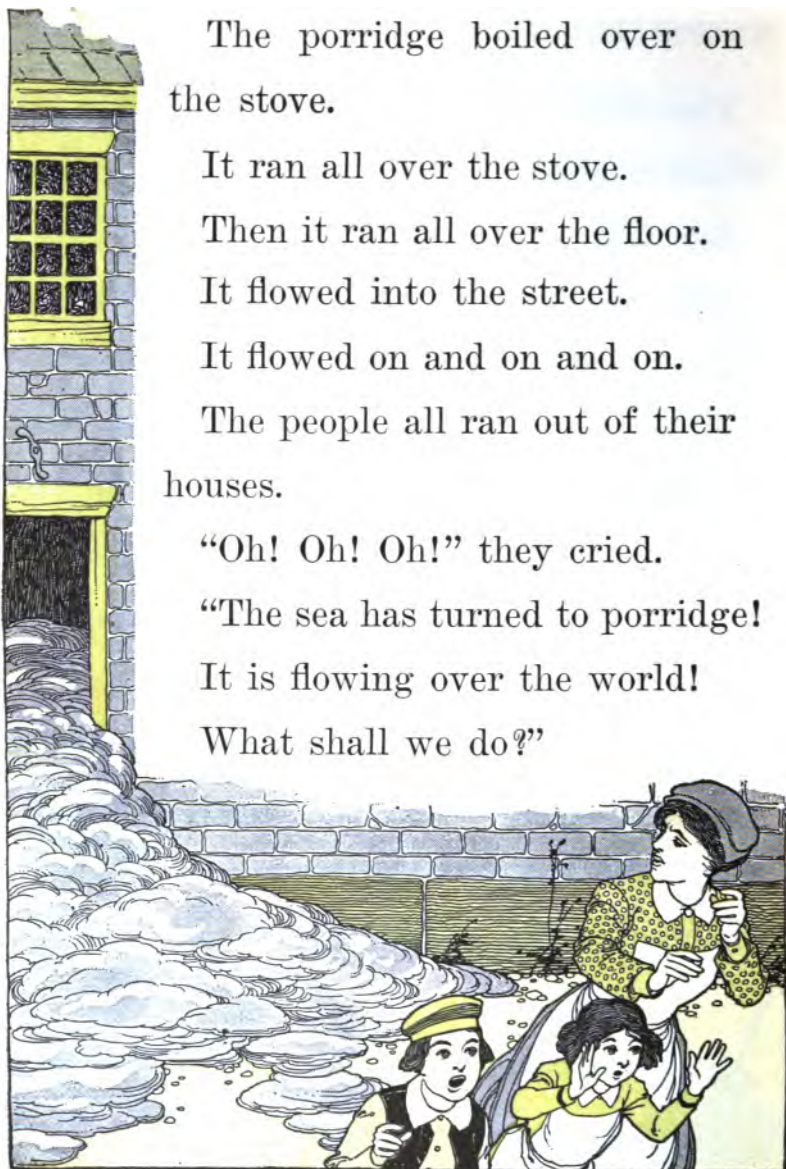
The people all ran out of their
houses.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” they cried.

“The sea has turned to porridge!

It is flowing over the world!

What shall we do?”





No one knew how to make the little black pot stop boiling.

After a long time the little girl came home.
The pot was boiling and boiling.

“Little pot, stop!” said the little girl.
And the little pot stopped.

But for many days after that the street
was full of sweet porridge.

When people wanted to get to the other
side, they had to eat their way across.

—*German Folk Tale.*

JOHNNY-CAKE

Once there were a little old man,
a little old woman, and a little boy.

One day the old woman made
a round Johnny-cake.

She put it into the stove to bake.

She said to the little boy, "Watch the
Johnny-cake and do not let it burn.

We will eat it for supper."

Then the little old man took a spade and
the little old woman took a hoe.

They went to work in the garden.

The little boy was all alone in the house.

He forgot about the Johnny-cake.

All at once he heard a noise.

Slam! bang! the stove door flew open and
Johnny-cake rolled out.

Out of the house he rolled.





The little boy ran to the garden.

“Father! Mother!” he called.

“Johnny-cake is rolling away.”

The little old man threw down
his spade and the little old woman
threw down her hoe.

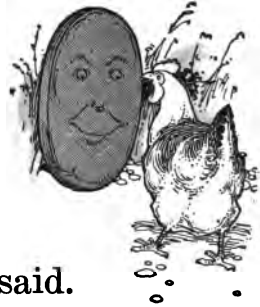
Then they all ran as fast as
they could after Johnny-cake.

But they could not catch him.
Johnny-cake laughed and said,

“I am having some fun,
I roll and they run,
I can beat every one.”



He rolled on and on.
Soon he came to a hen.
“Johnny-cake, where are
you going,” asked the hen.



“Oh, I am out rolling,” he said.

“I have rolled away from a little old man,
A little old woman,
A little boy,

And I can roll away from you, too-o-o-o!”

“You can, can you?” said the hen.

“We will see about that!

I think I will just eat you up!”

So the hen ran as fast as she could.

But she could not catch Johnny-cake.

Johnny-cake laughed and said,

“I am having some fun,

I roll and they run,

I can beat every one.”

He rolled on and on.

By and by he came to a cow.

“Johnny-cake, where are you going?” asked the cow.

“Oh, I am out rolling,” he said.

“I have rolled away from a little old man,

A little old woman,

A little boy,

And a hen.

I can roll away from you, too-o-o-o!”

“You can, can you?” said the cow.

“I think I will just eat you up!”

The cow ran as fast as she could.

But she could not catch him.

Johnny-cake laughed and said,

“I am having some fun,

I roll and they run,

I can beat every one.”



He rolled on until he came to a pig.

The pig was lying down.

“Where are you going?” asked the pig.

“Oh, I am out rolling,” said Johnny-cake.

“I have rolled away from a little old man,

A little old woman,

A little boy,

A hen,

And a cow.

I can roll away from you, too-o-o-o!”

“Woof, woof! I am sleepy,” said the pig.

Johnny-cake went close to him.

“Listen to me!” he said.

“I have rolled away from a little old man,

A little old woman,

A little boy,

A hen,

And a cow.

I can roll away from you, too-o-o-o!”

“Woof, woof!” grunted the pig.

“I am sleepy. Go away!”

He shut his eyes.

Johnny-cake got as close to the pig as he could.

He shouted at him.

“Do you hear me!” he called.

“I have rolled away from

A little old man,

A little old woman,

A little boy,

A hen,

And a cow.

I can roll away
from you, too-o-o-o!”

The pig opened his eyes.

He opened his mouth, too.

He caught Johnny-cake, and ate him up.

—*English Folk Tale.*





MARY AND THE LARK

Mary: Good morning, pretty lark.
Have you any birdies in that nest?

Lark: Oh, yes. I have three birdies here.
They are very beautiful, and they
are very good, too.

Mary: May I see them, pretty lark?

Lark: Oh, yes. Come here little ones.
This is Tiny Beak, this is Light
Wing, and this is Bright Eyes.

Mary: How beautiful they are!

There are three children in our
home, too, Alice, Ruth, and I.
Mother says we are very good.
We know how much she loves us.

Bright Eyes: Mother loves us, too.

Mary: I am sure she does.

Pretty lark, may I take Tiny
Beak home to play with me?

Lark: Yes, you may take Tiny Beak
home with you, if you will
send baby Alice to us.

Mary: Oh, no, no! I can not do that.

Baby Alice can not leave mother.
She is so little!

She would not like to live out of
doors, and she is too big for
your little nest.

Lark: But Tiny Beak can not leave his
mother.

He is such a little bird.

He is too little for your big
house. He loves his little
round nest the best.

Tiny Beak: Chirp, chirp, chirp! So I do!

Mary: Poor little Tiny Beak!

I will not take you.

How selfish I was! I did not
think how you would feel.

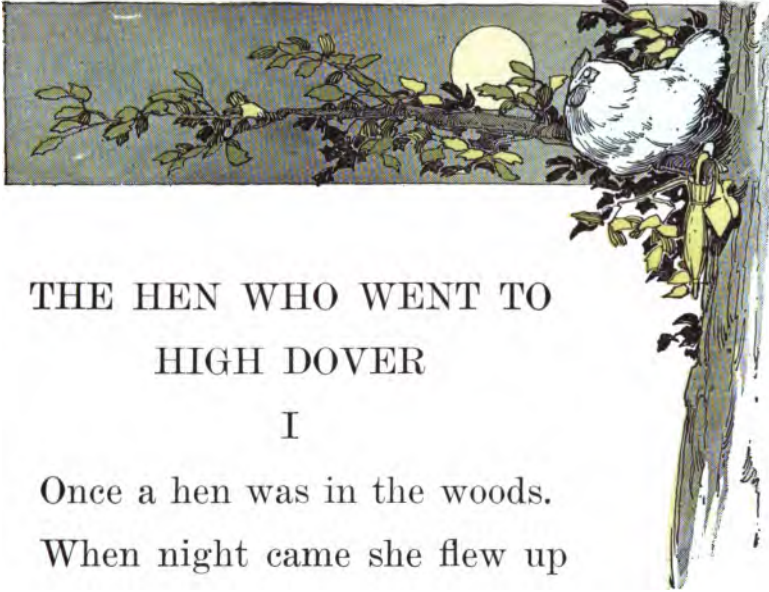
Lark: North and South and East and
West.

Each one loves his own home
best.

Mary: Good-bye, birdies! Good-bye!

Light Wing: Good-bye, Mary!

Come to see us again soon.



THE HEN WHO WENT TO HIGH DOVER

I

Once a hen was in the woods.
When night came she flew up
into an oak tree and went to sleep.

Soon she had a dream.

She dreamed that she would find a nest
of golden eggs if she went to High Dover.

She waked up with a jump.

“I must go to High Dover,” she said.

“I must find the nest of golden eggs.”

So she flew out of the tree and went up
the road.



When she had gone a little way she met a cock.

“Good-day, Cocky Locky!”
said the hen.

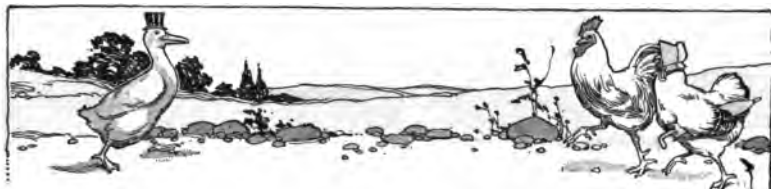
“Good-day, Henny Penny!
Where are you going so early?”
said the cock.

“I am going to High
Dover. I shall find a
nest of golden eggs there,”
said the hen.

“Who told you that, Henny
Penny?” asked the cock.

“I sat in the oak tree last night
and dreamed it,” said the hen.

“I will go with you,” said the cock.



II

So they went a long way together until they met a duck.

“Good-day, Ducky Lucky!” said the cock.

“Good-day, Cocky Locky! Where are you going so early?” asked the duck.

“I am going to High Dover. I shall find a nest of golden eggs there,” said the cock.

“Who told you that, Cocky Locky?” asked the duck.

“Henny Penny!” said the cock.

“Who told you that, Henny Penny?” asked the duck.

“I sat in the oak tree last night and dreamed it,” said the hen.

“I will go with you!” said the duck.

So they went a long way together until they met a gander.

“Good-day, Gandy Pandy!”
said the duck.

“Good-day, Ducky Lucky!”
said the gander. “Where are
you going so early?”

“I am going to High Dover. I shall find
a nest of golden eggs there,” said the duck.

“Who told you that, Ducky Lucky?”
asked the gander.

“Cocky Locky!”

“Who told you that, Cocky Locky?”

“Henny Penny.”

“How do you know that, Henny Penny?”
asked the gander.

“I sat in the oak tree last night and
dreamed it,” said the hen.

“I will go with you!” said the gander.



III

So they went a long way together until they met a fox.

“Good-day, Foxy Woxy!” said the gander.

“Good-day, Gandy Pandy! Where are you going so early?” asked the fox.

“I am going to High Dover. I shall find a nest of golden eggs there,” said the gander.

“Who told you that, Gandy Pandy?”

“Ducky Lucky!”

“Who told you that, Ducky Lucky?” asked the fox.

“Cocky Locky!”

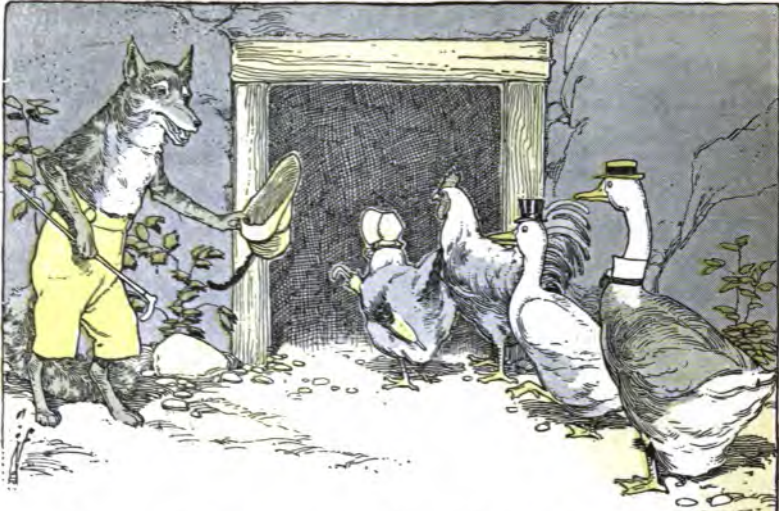
“Who told you that, Cocky Locky?”

“Henny Penny!”

“How do you know that, Henny Penny?”

“I sat in the oak tree last night and dreamed it, Foxy Woxy,” said the hen.





“How silly you are!” said the fox.

“There is no nest of golden eggs at
High Dover.

But you are cold and tired.

Come with me to my nice warm den.”

So they all went with the fox to his den.

They all got warm and sleepy.

The duck and the gander went to sleep
in a corner.

But the cock and the hen slept on a pole.



IV

When they were asleep the fox
ate the gander and the duck.

Just then the hen waked up.

She saw Cocky Locky near her.

She looked for Gandy Pandy and
Ducky Lucky.

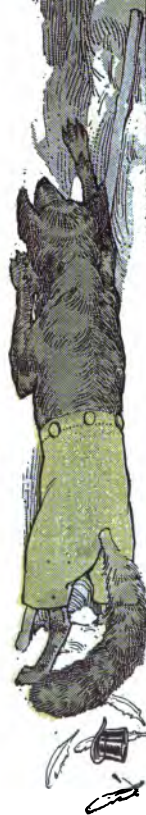
She could not see them, but she
saw feathers on the floor!

“I must fool the fox,” she said.

So she looked up the chimney.

“Oh! oh!” she called to the fox.

“Look at the geese flying by!”





The fox ran out to see the geese.
He wanted some geese to eat.

Then Henny Penny waked up
Cocky Locky.

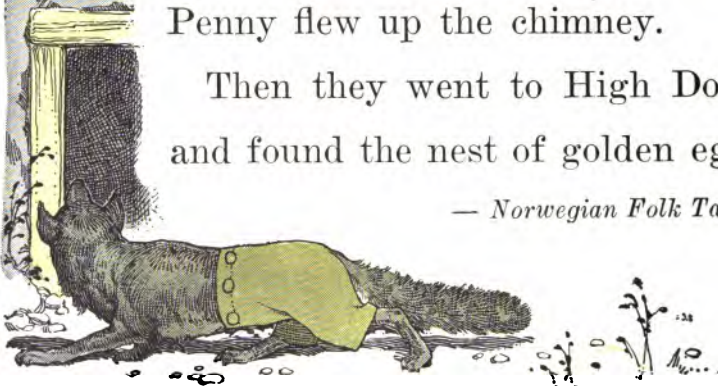
She told him what she had seen.
“Quick! quick!” she said.

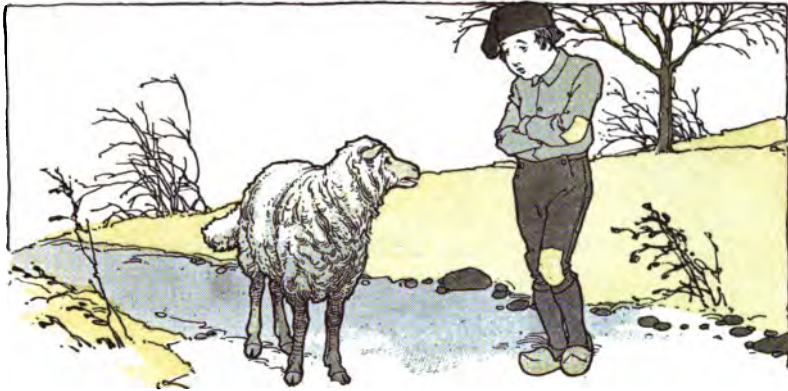
“Let us get out of here!”

So Cocky Locky and Henny
Penny flew up the chimney.

Then they went to High Dover
and found the nest of golden eggs.

— *Norwegian Folk Tale.*





HANSEL'S COAT

Sheep: Where is your coat, little Hansel?
It is cold this spring morning.

Hansel: I have no coat. Mother can not get
me a coat till winter comes.
I wish I could have one now.

Sheep: I will help you, Hansel.
Take some of my wool. There!
Now you can make a warm coat.

Hansel: Oh, thank you! But how can I make
a coat from this curly wool?



Thorn-bush: Come here, Hansel.

Pull the curly wool over
my sharp thorns. They
will comb it and make it
straight.



Hansel: Oh, thank you! How straight
and clean you have made it!
But this is not a coat yet.
What shall I do now?

Spider: Give me the wool, Hansel.
I will spin the threads, and
weave them into cloth for
you. There it is.

Crab: What have you there, Hansel?

Hansel: This is cloth for a coat.

Crab: My claws are as sharp as scissors.
I will cut it out for
you. There it is!



Hansel: Thank you, kind Crab.
I wish I could sew.
Then I could make my coat.

Bird: I will sew your coat for you.

I sew my nest together
every spring. See, I
take a thread in my
beak.



Then I pull it through and through
the cloth.

There is your coat, Hansel.

Hansel: Oh, thank you all!
How happy mother will be to see my
nice warm coat.

THE LAMBKIN

I

Once upon a time there
was a wee, wee Lambkin.

The Lambkin
jumped about on
his little legs.

He ate the juicy
grass and had a fine time.

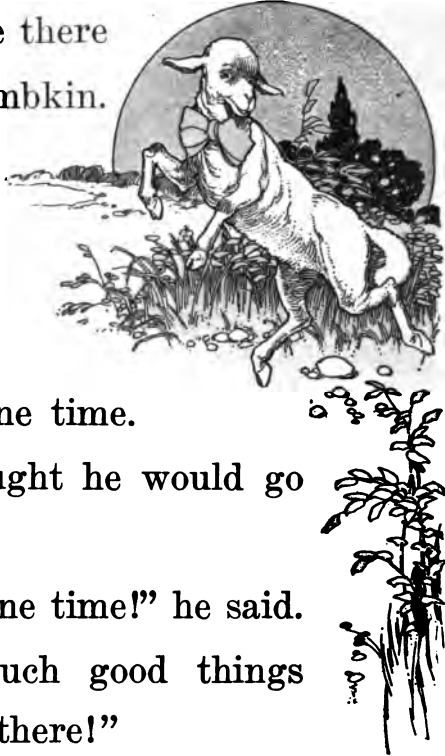
One day he thought he would go
to see his Granny.

“I shall have a fine time!” he said.

“I shall have such good things
to eat when I get there!”

The Lambkin jumped about on his
little legs.

He was as happy as he could be.





As he was going along the road he met a jackal.

Now the jackal likes to eat tender little lambkins. So the jackal said,

“Lambkin! Lambkin! I’ll eat you!”

But the Lambkin jumped about on his little legs and said,

“To Granny’s house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so.”

The jackal likes fat lambs, so he let Lambkin go on to get fat.

By and by Lambkin met a tiger.

Then he met a wolf.

Then he met a dog.

They all like good things to eat.

They like tender lambkins, so they
all called out,

“Lambkin! Lambkin!

We’ll eat you!”

But Lambkin jumped about on
his little legs and said,

“To Granny’s house I go,

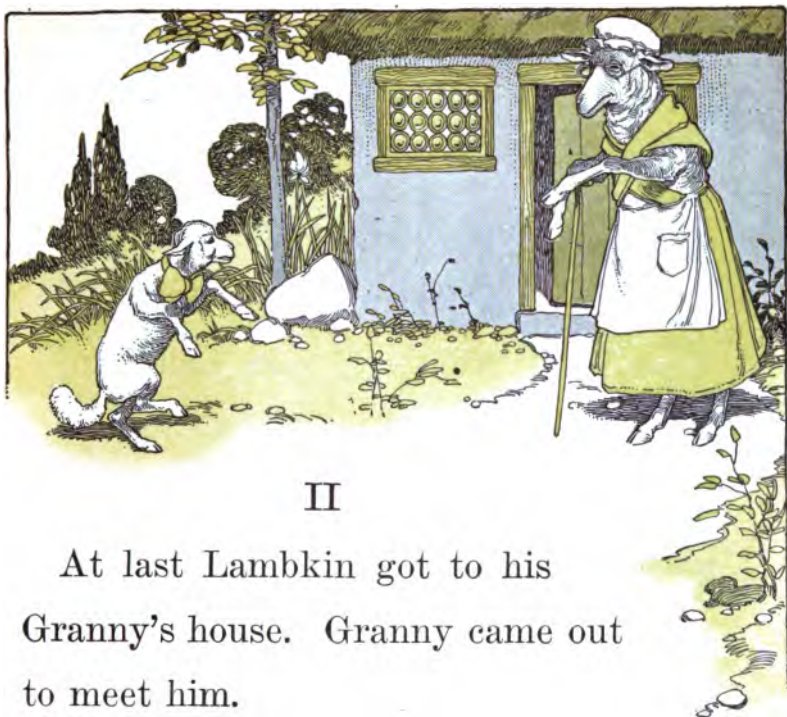
Where I shall fatter grow,

Then you can eat me so.”

The tiger and the wolf and the
dog all like fat lambkins.

So they let Lambkin go on to
his Granny’s to get fat.





II

At last Lambkin got to his
Granny's house. Granny came out
to meet him.

“Oh Granny, dear!” he said, “I have
promised to get very fat.

I must keep my promise.

Please put me into the corn-bin.”

So his Granny put him into the corn-bin.

Lambkin stayed there seven days and ate,
and ate, and ate.



At last he grew so fat that he could hardly walk.

“How fat you are, Lambkin!” said his Granny.

“You must go home.”

“Oh, no!” said Lambkin.

“The tiger might eat me up.”

“But you must go home, Lambkin,” said his Granny.

“Well then,” said Lambkin, “I will tell you what to do.

You must take a goat skin and make a little Drumkin. I can sit inside and roll home.”

So she made a Drumkin.

Lambkin got into it and curled up. Then he began to roll along the road to his home.



III

Soon he met the tiger.

The tiger called out,

“Drumkin! Drumkin!

Have you seen Lambkin?”

Lambkin, in his soft nest, called back,

“Lost in the forest, and so are you!

On, little Drumkin! Tum-pa, tum-too!”

The tiger was angry. “Now I shall have no fat Lambkin to eat,” he said.

“Why didn’t I eat him when I had him!”



By and by Lambkin met the
dog and the wolf.

They called to him,

“Drumkin! Drumkin!

Have you seen Lambkin?”

And Lambkin, in his soft, warm
nest, called back to them,

“Lost in the forest, and so are you!
On, little Drumkin! Tum-pa, tum-too!”

The dog and the wolf were very angry
because they had no fat Lambkin to eat.

But Lambkin rolled along laughing to
himself and singing,

“Tum-pa, tum-too!

Tum-pa, tum-too!”

At last Lambkin met the jackal, who said,

“Drumkin! Drumkin!

Have you seen Lambkin?”

Lambkin, in his soft nest, called back,

“Lost in the forest, and so are you!

On little Drumkin! Tum-pa, tum-too!”

Now the jackal was wise. He knew
Lambkin’s voice. So he called out,

“Lambkin! Lambkin!

Come out of that Drumkin!”

“Come and make me!” shouted Lambkin.

The jackal ran after Drumkin.

But Drumkin rolled faster and faster and
soon rolled away from him.

The last thing the jackal heard was,

“Lost in the forest, and so are you!

On little Drumkin! Tum-pa, tum-too!”

—*A Tale From India.*

SNOW-FLAKES

Child: Little white feathers,
Filling the air—
Little white feathers!
How came you there?

Snow-flakes: We came from the cloud-birds,
Flying so high;
Shaking their white wings
Up in the sky.

Child: Little white feathers,
Swiftly you go!
Little white snow-flakes,
I love you so!

Snow-flakes: We are swift because
We have work to do;
But look up at us,
And we will kiss you.

—*Old Rhyme.*

THE CLOUDS

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops,
You all stand still.

You walk far away,
When the winds blow;
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

—*Old Rhyme.*

THE SLUMBERLAND BOAT

There's a boat that leaves at half-past six
From the busy town of Play,
And it reaches the haven of Slumberland
Before the close of day.

It carries the tiniest travelers,
And it rocks so gently, oh!
When the wee ones nestle in their berths
And the boat-man begins to row!

The name of the boat is Rock-a-bye,
And it's guided by mother's hand,
For she is the loving boat-man, dear,
Who takes you to Slumberland.

Now what is the fare a traveler pays
On a Rock-a-bye boat like this?
Why, the poorest child can pay the price,
For it's only a good-night kiss!

—*Emeline Goodrow.*



WORD LIST

The following contains a complete list of the words used in this book:

a	bake	bone	catches
about	baker's	bottom	cattle
acorns	ball	bough	caught
across	bang	boy	cheeks
afraid	barking	bread	cheer
after	barn	breaks	cheese
again	be	bridge	chick-a-dee
a-hunting	beaks	bright	chickens
air	beasts	brings	child
Alice	beats	broke	children
all	beautiful	brook	chimney
alone	because	brother	China
along	bed	brown	chirp
always	bee	Brownie	Christmas
am	before	buds	claws
an	began	build	clean
and	begins	bunnies	cloppety-clop
angry	bell	bunting	close
another	below	buried	closed
ant	berths	burn	cloth
any	best	busy	clouds
apple	better	but	cluck
are	big	butterfly	coat
arms	bigger	buy	cock
around	biggest	by	cock-a-doodle-doo
as	billy goats	bye	Cocky-Locky
asked	bird	buzz-z-z	cold
a-sleeping	birdies		colt
at	bit	calf	comb
ate	black	calls	come
away	blew	came	coming
ax	blows	camel	coo
	blue	can	cool
baby	board	can't	corn
back	boat	care	corn-bin
bad	Bobbie	carries	corner
bag	boil	cat	

could	Drumkin	first	getting
counted	dry	five	give
country	duck-pond	flags	given
country-side	duckling	flapped	girl
cows	Ducky Lucky	flew	glad
crab		fies	glass
cradle	each	floor	go
cranes	early	flour	goats
creep	east	flowed	gobble
cried	eat	flowers	goes
cross	eggs	fluffy	gold
crow	eight	fly	golden
crying	end	food	gone
cunning	enough	foolish	good
curled	evening	foot	good-bye
curly	ever	for	good-day
cut	every	forest	goodies
	eyes	forget	gosling
darling		forgot	got
day	fairy	found	gr-gr
dear	fall	four	grain
deep	far	fox	Granny
den	fare	Foxy-Woxy	grass
did	farm	freedom	gray
didn't	farmers	friends	great
die	fast	frightened	green
dirt	faster	from	grew
do	fat	fruit	ground
does	father	full	grow
dog	fatter	fun	Gruff
doggie	feathers	funny	grunted
don't	feel		guess
door	feet	gallop	guided
dove	fell	gander	
Dover	felt	Gandy Pandy	Ha-ha
down	fence	garden	had
downy	field	gate	hair-brush
dozen	fill	gave	hairs
dream	find	geese	half-past
dreamland	fine	gentlemen	hand
drinks	fire	gently	hang
dropped	fish	get	Hansel

happy	horns	king	lost
hard	horse	kiss	loud
hardly	hot	kite	loves
hare	house	kittens	loving
hark	how	kitty-cats	lullaby
has	hue	knee	lying
haste	hump	knew	
hatched	hundreds	know	made
have	hung	koo-ke-roo	makes
haven	hungry		man
having	hunter	ladies	many
hawk	hurrah	Lambkin	market
hay	hurry	lambs	Mary
he	hurt	land	may
head	hush	large	maybe
heard		lark	me
heart	I	last	meadow
heaven	if	laughs	meal
heel	I'll	lay	meat
held	I'm	lazy	meet
help	in	leaf	men
Henny Penny	indeed	leap	met
hens	indoors	learn	mice
hen-yard	inside	leaves	might
her	into	legs	milk
here	is	lets	mill
hid	it	liberty	miller
hide	it's	lies	Molly
high		lift	money
hill	jackal	light	moo
him	Jenny Wren	likes	moon
himself	Johnny-cake	lily	more
his	joke	lilies	morning
hit	joy	limbs	mother
ho	juicy	listen	mountain
hobbledy-hoy	jumped	little	mouse
hoe	just	lived	mouse-catcher
hold		load	mouth
home	keep	loaf	move
hop	kept	long	Mr.
hopped	kicked	longer	much
hoppety-hop	kind	look	mule

must	own	raindrops	scissors
my	pail	ran	scratched
named	Pat-a-cake	rap	sea
nap	patter	rather	second
nearly	pays	Ray	see
neck	peeping	reach	seed
needles	peep-peep	reap	seen
nestle	Penny	reason	selfish
nests	people	red	sell
never	picked	rest	send
new	pig	rich	seven
news	pilgrim's	ride	sew
next	pine	right	sh
nice	place	ring	shade
night	plan	ripe	shadow
nine	plant	rise	shakes
no	play	river	shaking
noise	pleasantest	road	shall
none	please	roast	sharp
north	pole	robins	she
not	pooh	rock-a-bye	sheep
nothing	poor	rolled	shells
now	poorest	roof	shepherd
oak	porridge	room	shepherdess
of	pot	rooster	shine
off	pretty	roots	shining
often	prettiest	rose	shoes
oh	price	rough	short
old	pride	round	shook
oldest	promised	row	should
on	proud	running	shout
once	puff	runs	shows
one	pull	Ruth	shut
only	put	sad	side
opened	quacked	safe	silly
other	quick	said	sings
our	quiet	sang	sit
out	rabbit	Santa	six
outside	race	sat	skin
over	rain	saw	sky
		says	slam
			sleeping

slept	straight	thirsty	trots
sleepy	stream	this	try
slow	street	thorns	tum-pa
slowly	string	thought	tum-too
Slumberland	stripes	threads	turkey
small	strong	three	turned
snapped	stronger	thresh	turnip
snout	such	threw	tweet-tweet
snow	summer	through	two
snow-flakes	sun	throw	
so	sunshine	thy	ugly
soft	supper	tied	under
some	sure	tiger	until
someone	swam	tight	up
something	sweet	till	upon
sometimes	swim	time	us
song	swimming	ting-a-ling	
soon	swing	tiny	very
south	swiftly	tiniest	voice
spade		tired	
speckled	takes	'tis	wagons
spin	talk	to	wait
splash	tall	today	wake
spring	tap	toes	walk
squeak	telling	together	walls
squirrel	ten	told	wanted
stand	tends	too	warm
stars	tender	took	was
started	than	top	watch
stayed	thank	tortoise	water
steal	that	to-wit-a-woo	way
steps	the	town	wear
sticks	thee	travelers	weave
still	their	tre	wee
stocking	them	tree	weed
stone	then	tree-top	well
stood	there	tri	we'll
stop	there's	tricks	went
stopped	these	tried	were
story	they	trip-trap	west
story-hour	thing	tripping	what
stove	think	Troll	wheat

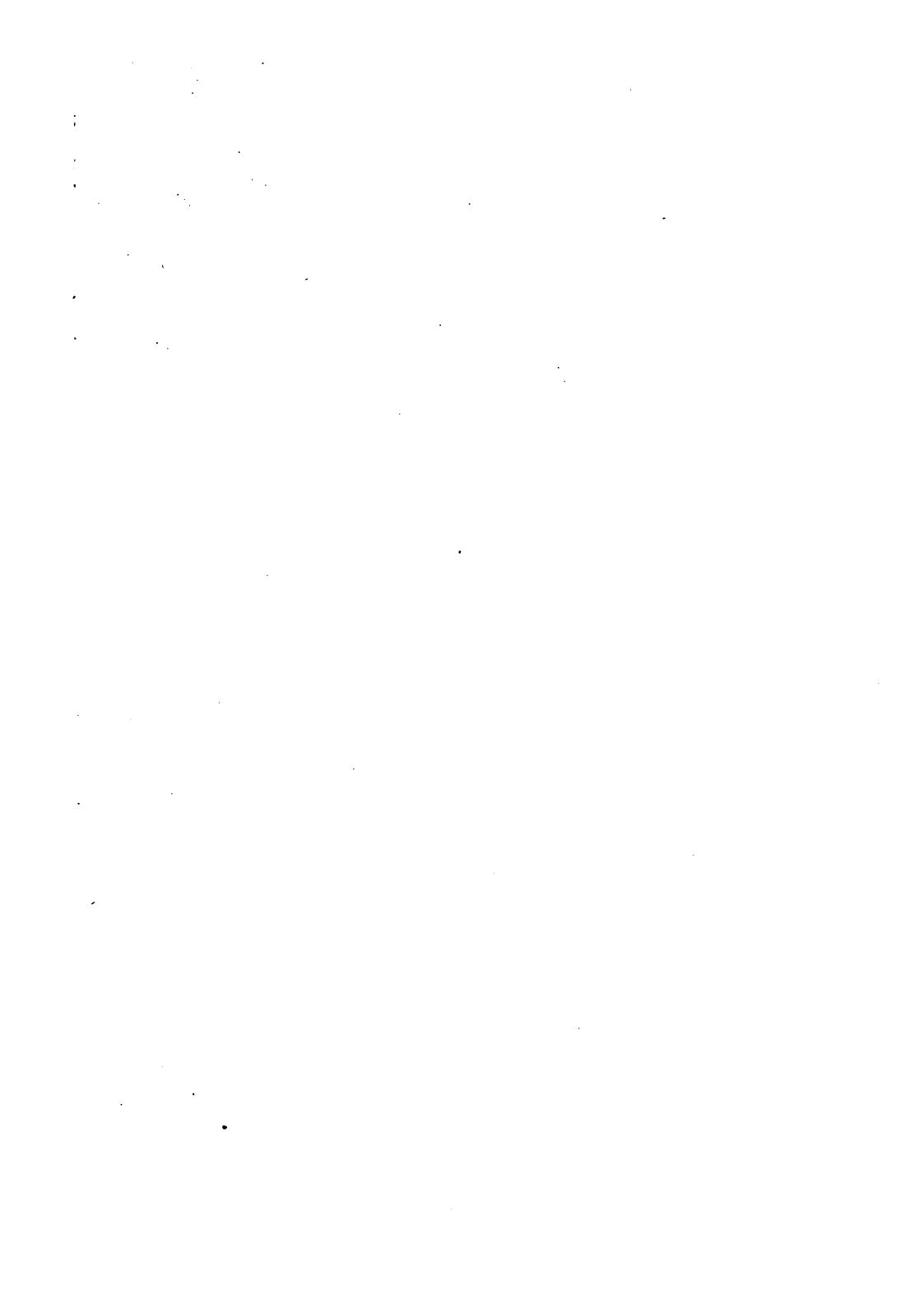
when
where
while
whip
white
who
why
wide
will
wind

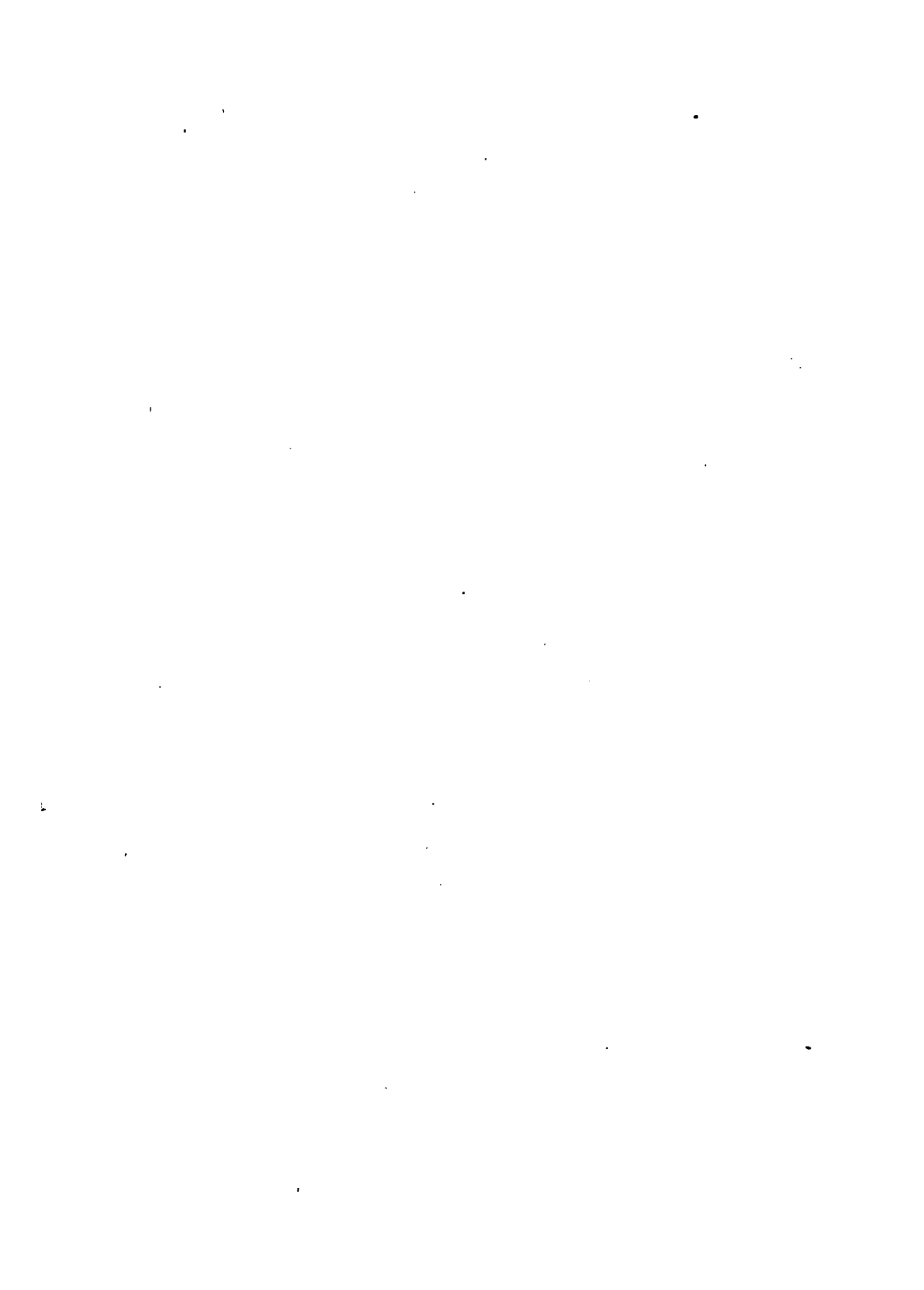
window
wings
wise
wiser
wish
winter
with
wolf
woman
wonder

wonderful
won't
woods
woof
wool
work
world
worms
would
wrap

write
yard
year
yellow
yes
yet
you
young
your

ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY
THE FRANKLIN COMPANY CHICAGO





ok ma
n the
fine of



